

# LIFE

## Sex Education for Little Children

Debate splits the nation's schools



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JESSIE M RUGGLES  
211 MAPLES ST  
THREE RIV MI 49093

SEPTEMBER 19 • 1969 • 40¢



Football season.  
Time for fun. Friends. Food.  
Breakfast. Lunch. Dinner.  
Any time's the right time  
for NFL training table foods.

*Join the crowd pleasers inside.*





**Coffee Makes the Meal.** Nothing complements your meal or adds the finishing touch like coffee. And no coffee tastes as good as Chase and Sanborn. It has all the rich, deep, heftier flavor and aroma that you could ask for. Any time, any season, with any food, serve the Hesler coffee, Chase and Sanborn.



**NABISCO Shredded Wheat and Friends.** There is a delight in a breakfast of SPOON SIZE or the Original NABISCO Shredded Wheat few meals can match. With a favorite fruit, the baked-in flavor gives you a taste sensation you'd never expect from so much nutrition. A natural food for protein and energy.



**Score Two for Del Monte.** For a good opening play, give your fans Del Monte Prunes, the ones that step up to a plump and delicious breakfast dish. And to keep them on the winning side all day, have a few boxes of Del Monte Raisins on hand. The perfect game-time snack, good for quick energy any time. Del Monte Raisins and Del Monte Prunes—both found on the NFL training tables.



**The Chiffon Shift Helps the Pros Win.** It happens at all the NFL training tables. The end passes quick melting Chiffon to the half-back for his broccoli. The half-back flips it to the flanker for his baked potato. He fumbles but the center recovers and spreads it on his rye. Chiffon margarine is healthy and tastes better, too. Training table or your table, Chiffon makes winners.



**Eat Like the Pros.** National Football League players are served Hormel meats at their training tables. From Cure 81, the world's most nearly perfect ham, to Range Brand, the man-sized bacon. Hormel meats have the protein hard-driving athletes need. Hormel meats have the quality, flavor and nutrition required for training table foods. Isn't that a good reason to put them on your table, too?



**First Down at the NFL Training Table is V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice—a great way to kick off breakfast!** V-8 looks good, like tomato juice, but it's a great tasting blend of 8 good morning vegetables that WOW, sure doesn't taste like tomato juice. V-8 is a good source of Vitamin C, too! A sure-fit play to make extra points with all the sleepyheads on your team.

V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company

## Football season is good food season

WITH THE FOODS SERVED ON ALL 16 NFL TRAINING TABLES

Football season means good times. Any good time is made better with great food. Good-tasting. Eye-appealing. Nutritious. Foods like those served to the National Football League players. Make football season your good food season with NFL Training Table foods.

Breakfast, lunch or dinner. Before, during or after the game. Anywhere. Any time is right for good food to be in on the play with good times. Score with your family and friends. Look for the NFL Training Table insignia when you shop.



**What Helps Your Football Player Play?** Rich, good-tasting, chocolate-flavored Ovaltine. One serving of Ovaltine gives him 100% of every minimum daily adult vitamin requirement now officially established. Now Ovaltine is instant mixing. In cold milk for instant energy. In hot milk for instant calm. Chocolate-flavored Ovaltine. The player maker.



**How Do You Handle a Hungry Half-back?** The Manhandlers. The Campbell's Soups that have what it takes to handle a hungry man. Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup is one of the Manhandlers. This meat and potato soup can tackle any man-sized hunger. So next time there's a hungry man on your team, give him the soup they serve to the NFL. Campbell's Vegetable Beef. M'm! M'm! Good!



**It's Chicken of the Sea Season!** Invite the gang for a post-game treat. With versatile, convenient tuna and shrimp on hand your fare can be as simple or fancy as you like: dips or spreads, cocktails or canapes, newburgs or casseroles...and sandwiches galore. Let Chicken of the Sea make it something special.



**All Around Performer.** Milk, in Pure-Pak Plasticartons, fits in anywhere, any time. Wholesome, great-tasting, bursting with energy. A drink that goes tastefully with a stadium full of recipes. Count the ways on these pages alone. Breakfast, lunch, game-time, supper and dessert. Milk in Plasticartons is truly the universal food, seen on the training tables of all 16 NFL teams.



**Quaker Banana Gingerbread Shortcake.** It's a delicious way to celebrate when the team wins. Or console yourself when they don't. Simply bake your favorite gingerbread cake mix. When it's done, cut it lengthwise into two layers. Between the layers, fill with whipped cream and sliced Quaker Bananas. The same on top. A sure way to make extra points at dinner time, snack time, any time.

# Scotch vs. Canadian vs. 7 Crown.



We don't want to step on any toes.

Scotch makes a great drink.

So does Canadian.

So does 7 Crown.

We just want to remind you that more people prefer the taste of Seagram's 7 Crown.

Which is why more people buy it than the top Scotch and the top Canadian combined.

Surprised?

Then you haven't tasted our whiskey.

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

7

Seagram's Seven Crown Whisky, 40% alc./vol. © 1969 Seagram & Sons, New York, NY.

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## by Richard B. Stolley

'A pretty good place to be from, and go back to'

Representative Everett Dirksen came home to his 18th Congressional District one summer day in 1944 to meet with a group of interstate duck shooters in the dining room of the lesser of Pekin's two hotels, the Illinois. What they wanted—and right then—was federal relief of some sort for a nearby lake.

As a very young reporter for the Pekin *Daily Times*, it was my first intimate look at Dirksen the politician, and I was overwhelmed. His performance—for there was a combination of tone and timing in all his moves that was distinctly theatrical—was superb. Before the fried catfish lunch all I could foresee was an angry, insoluble confrontation. But Dirksen first-named those men, soothed their anger, passed the rolls and butter, and left them smiling without having made a single promise he knew he could not keep.

The techniques he used on the Tazewell County duck hunters, Everett Dirksen years later used on Presidents of the United States.

When I arrived in Washington, he was reaching the peak of his power and fame. He greeted me with, "Well, look who came out of the woodwork," and from time to time afterward invited me to share a quiet moment with him. It was tacitly un-

derstood that we were not reporters and senator then, but rather what we also were, neighbors from Pekin having a barbecue chat. (Our family homes were a couple of blocks apart, his being on Buena Vista—or "Beeyouma Vista," as we pronounced it. A small plaque was installed in the front yard a few years ago, marking it as the senator's home.)

We met usually in the back room of his Senate chambers; dim and cool, with big chairs and a refrigerator. Dirksen would take a drink or Sanka (sometimes preceded by a tablespoon of Maalox, for his perpetually upset stomach) and puff on his filters. There was often a parade of visitors, usually other senators, mostly Republican but enough important Democrats to reflect the political friendships Dirksen had so carefully and lovingly built up.

He would graciously introduce me, often as the one-time boyfriend of his daughter Joy (now the wife of Tennessee Senator Howard Baker Jr.), and because he was never under any circumstances able to use small words when big ones were available, he would explain: "Yes, this boy spent a good deal of time in the old parental establishment." (In his high school yearbook, under "Senior Diseases," Dirksen was listed as having "Big Worditis," Diagnosis: "Absolutely Hopeless.")

He reminisced frequently, once recalling the advice he had given a young man who wanted to run for Congress in Illinois: "Get 100,000 cards, with a decent likeness and your name in big print so the old folks can read it without their glasses. Then start out on shoe leather and push those cards—to farmers, putting up signs, PTA meetings. Give 'em a card and a handshake, make a little conversation, then move on. Don't get into any arguments. Come Election Day, people will see your name on the ballot, and say, 'Why, that fellow looked pretty good to me!'" He could not resist adding that the "fellow" was indeed elected, and became one of the ranking House Republicans, Representative Leslie Arends.

Sometimes Dirksen would talk about the squeezing of so much of America into the cold and colossal urban centers, and this man who had traveled the world said of Pekin: "It is a pretty good place to be from, and to go back to."

He was buried in the flat prairie out east of town, in a new cemetery which runs alongside Mile Miller's dairy farm. The Vice President of the United States led the mourners. But Editor McNaughton and Logan Ueland, the insurance man, and "Peach" Preston, the former postmaster—all old friends—were there too as Everett Dirksen went back to that "pretty good place" for the last time.

Seven years ago, Senator Dirksen returned to Pekin for some hoopla involving a Japanese girls' softball team and was photographed leaving out of a mislabeled rickshaw.



Dirksen's return to Pekin in 1944 was a significant event. He was welcomed by the local community, including the Japanese girls' softball team. The rickshaw he is shown leaving in is labeled "MADE IN PEKIN, ILL U.S.A.", reflecting the自豪感 of the local industry.

again support of civil rights legislation did little justice to the memory of the Illinois President. He was unruffled. Nobody, he suggested, would ever have had to explain to Lincoln the conservation of his own home state—a conservatism that he admitted he shared more often than not—and, even more important in a democracy like ours, faithfully represented.

Occasionally our sessions were interrupted by telephone calls from the White House—nine of them once in a single day. Lyndon Johnson was calling to ask for votes, or advice, or sometimes just to gab with a man who understood his kind of politics. Always, of course, I was gently shooed from the room, but never before being reminded again of the immense power wielded by my aging, ailing friend.

Dirksen's nomination of Barry Goldwater for the Presidency at the 1964 convention was a great moment for him. And yet afterward, I found him in his hotel suite gazing wistfully down upon the glorious bay, drained emotionally, curiously untriumphant. He told of reading his speech in advance to Goldwater, and looking up at one point to find "this peddler's son" in grateful tears. His mood, even then, indicated that he sensed the futility of the Goldwater candidacy, but he had done what he could for a friend.

In his later years, Dirksen said that he had found the freedom that every politician dreams of. His political debts were paid—"even to the Chicago Tribune." He was no one's man but his own, free to cultivate his roses, to make political mistakes, be inconsistent. In spite of his health, he felt comfortable, at peace with himself.

Dirksen always tried to be in Pekin for his mother-in-law's birthday. This year it was her 94th, but he was already in the hospital. In 1948, when he had to resign from the House because of eye trouble, the Washington Post wanted to hire him to write a column. He said no thanks, he would return to "that little old town."

We talked about that once, about the squeezing of so much of America into the cold and colossal urban centers, and this man who had traveled the world said of Pekin: "It is a pretty good place to be from, and to go back to."

He was buried in the flat prairie out east of town, in a new cemetery which runs alongside Mile Miller's dairy farm. The Vice President of the United States led the mourners. But Editor McNaughton and Logan Ueland, the insurance man, and "Peach" Preston, the former postmaster—all old friends—were there too as Everett Dirksen went back to that "pretty good place" for the last time.

Once again, Chesterfield tries to introduce the coupon worth stealing.

Frankly, it's beginning to get a little embarrassing.

Ever since we put a coupon on all five Chesterfields, we can't keep one on a pack long enough to show it to you. So you'll have to settle for the bare facts about the Chesterfield coupon that's so valuable it's worth stealing.

For one thing, Chesterfield coupons are redeemable three ways: for gifts, cash, or they can be combined with any participating trading stamps. (1 coupon equals 4 stamps.)

Since some of you will be so anxious to choose from the 1000 beautiful items in our Luxury Merchandise Catalog, we've also included an exclusive Speed-Redemption Plan. It allows you to get some of your favorites in a hurry by combining coupons with a bit of cash. And whatever Chesterfield taste you

enjoy, Regular, King, Filter, Menthol, or 101, you'll get four extra coupons in every carton.

So now you know about the great Chesterfield coupon. The one worth stealing. Chances are you're wondering what it looks like.

May we suggest you buy a pack of Chesterfields—any Chesterfields.

You'll get a great cigarette, and a coupon to match it. We hope,



# Our new one: Monte Carlo



People have told us it looks like five or six thousand dollars.

And naturally we're flattered.  
But let's understand each other right off.  
The Monte Carlo is not an expensive car.  
Not compared to other fine cars anyway.

The revealing truth is: If you can afford a Chevy, you can afford a Monte Carlo.

Which by itself is pretty good reason to run right out and buy one. But wait. There are more.

For instance you'll be able to say to your friends and neighbors: "You wouldn't believe what a great car my Monte Carlo is to drive."

It's true.  
The trim design and tidy dimensions make Monte Carlo one of the world's more maneuverable luxury cars. (Wheelbase is 116 inches.)

And its 350-cubic-inch V8 makes it one of the more spirited.

So if you think Monte Carlo is just another pretty face, you're in for a happy surprise.

Power disc brakes, deep twist carpeting, electric clock, new higher intensity headlamps, Astro Ventilation, Full Coil suspension, fiberglass-belted tires: They're all on the base car.

(Obviously the base car is not very base.)  
Monte Carlo.

Chevrolet's whole new field of one.

The first car of its kind even  
us guys who work for a living  
can swing.



**On the move: The Chevrolet '70s.**

# Our big one:

**1970 Caprice.** Eighteen shining feet of rich looking, rich riding, incredibly comfortable automobile.

Here's what we did.

We took an already elegant grille and gave it an even more expensive look.

We put on new wheel covers that are matched to the color of the car.

We installed a vigorous new 250-hp engine so you'll move with all the more assurance.

We made power disc brakes and fiberglass-belted tires on 15-inch wheels standard.

We now offer you things like: Headlights that stay on until you're safely in the house.

And a radio antenna you can't even see.

We did all that and more.

And we did it just for you.

Now aren't you going to feel guilty if you don't go down to your Chevy dealer's and drive a new Caprice?



On the move: The Chevrolet '70s. 



# Our tough one:

## 1970 Chevelle SS 396.

Tough means we built even more car into the car. We built steel guard beams into the doors.

The tires have fiberglass belts in them now to help keep them from squirming.

There's a beefy new back bumper with a black resilient panel and built-in taillights. There are 12 new colors. And 25 additional horses under the hood.

You can order our new Cowl Induction Hood (shown) with the big inlet door that opens and shuts automatically to deliver extra air to the engine. (The pins are included.)

As for the power disc brakes, the taut suspension, the F70 x 14 white-lettered wide ovals, the sport wheels, the black accents, the SS badges: They're all part of the SS package. And your Chevy dealer has it all.

Putting you first, keeps us first.



On the move: The Chevrolet '70s.

## GALLERY

Photographer Erich Hartmann uses a novel multiple-exposure shutter of his own invention to make as many as eight exposures on a single frame of film. Perhaps 30 seconds are frozen in this single image of commuters waiting for their trains in New York's Grand Central Station. "Figures and shadows overlap without losing identity," Hartmann says. "I've tried to get beyond mass, form and texture—these familiar elements of photography—into the fourth dimension, time."<sup>1</sup>





If other beers  
took as much time  
and care to brew,  
would they taste  
as good as  
Budweiser?

(That's an  
interesting  
question.)

Before you're knee-deep in trouble install a new flameless electric water heater!



- Fast, economical
- Quiet, no flame
- No pilot, no flue
- Fits almost anywhere
- Plenty of hot water all the time

While there's still time, call your electric utility company

**The Flameless Electric Water Heater is today's matchless value**

Live Better Electrically  
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750 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

LIFE BOOK REVIEW

**A 420-Second Review  
of an 83,000-Page-a-Minute Book**

THE SEVEN MINUTES  
by IRVING WALLACE  
(Simon & Schuster Inc. \$7.95)

What comes to the way of an Irving Wallace scholar is not all sweets and suckers. There's Irving. We have a man who is being a hundred-and-thousands of dollars for books before he writes them. Then decided that it was only fair to pay me for reviewing his latest book before I read it. No, pay me the cost of transportation, of course. The standard price for a 100-page review is \$150, due the employee to whom I purchased *The Life Book of Squalor*. Once I had the money and the second book in hand, I turned next to another to read Wallace's latest. Why be a sucker?

"It's a sin to do it," my wife, the Conscience of Grove Street said. "We always take the money when paid, but it's not nice to do the book.

I'm no longer entirely convinced of that. "I've seen *The Nine Capote*, meaning the Great Books in a couple of little volumes talk about it, and I'm beginning to think he is not being Wallace's books. The only thing I can figure is he is more *than* Wallace's books. What's he up to?" she asks.

"I haven't the foggiest," I said, sheepishly fingering my newly minted *as an Elgarne* as some full-page color photo of some Atlanta airport at long last young.

*The Seven Minutes*, she said, sounding much like the last of a neighbor from the other side, where's he been living in his dreams of thousands of pages (Wallace is, after all, a age of 15), packed up his possessions, left on his car. Wallace knew I had driven through in the interest of scholarship, before I got outta.

Seven minutes or obviously the entire period between transport operation and. The hero does. I know whether he can jump over a *the Nobel Prize* for his one-in-a-thousand work seems to pose a challenge, the allows him to overcome his lowly obstacles to his research may have come from a transplanted spleen.



sooner. "How can you summarize it in seven minutes?"

"It's merely a matter of knowing one's field," I said, "a most scholarly tone." I would, if necessary, cut off the tubes, have men blow away in such a way from which they attempt to destroy hundreds. Thousands of Cuban smokers ultimately prefer cigarette smoking. The President of the United States, the first tobacco tycoon to hold that office, however, never smokes, which he has, apparently, diplomatically, if he prefers. The attack. It's taken for granted that the destruction of tobacco should be prevented, the same, however, goes to men. The role of the Russian in a massive narrative, a man, that others of a nature, for him, is Web.

This could mean *Theatre*. I've peddled a bit, I suppose, to her, or, to have a look at my field.

"May be seven minutes showing off such knowledge," she gasped. "How many copies do you want when we sell it? 10,000 copies, or more?" I asked sarcastically.

"I think I have to say, 'No' in minutes," saying Wallace and his wife, a bright wife, his editor, the best of the best, he gets a refund of thousands of dollars and, on raising him of the age of 21, should a reduced rate in *The Life Book of Squalor*.

What comes to the way of an Irving Wallace scholar is mostly sneers and snickers.

Mr. Tritten, a good teacher and New York writer, wrote his review in exactly seven minutes.

by Calvin Trillin

# An oil for cars that don't get enough exercise.



If you do a lot of stop and go driving, your car needs extra protection. It's the kind of driving that causes harmful deposits to build up in your engine.

Quaker State Motor Oil has a natural ability to resist engine wear that's caused by these deposits.

Every drop is refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. This oil is free from many impurities, like tars and asphalts, even before it's refined.

We start with the world's finest oil. And then we improve it even more. So if you can't give your car enough exercise, why not give it Quaker State Motor Oil.



Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

# Clubtails. We canned it like it is.

Inside every can, you'll find three honest-to-goodness fresh cocktails, I quor and all.

They don't last homemade. They're mixed professionally. With the finest ingredients we can lay our hands on. Like Smirnoff Vodka for the Vodka Martini, Clubtails or Screwdriver.

And because the cans are aluminum, they'll last longer. All you do is flip open and serve. Whenever

you're ready, we are. Wherever you are.

The best thing are the nine delicious flavors: Extra Dry Martini, Vodka Martini, Manhattan, Vodka Gimlet, Daquiri, Screwdriver, Whiskey Sour, Margarita and Mai Tai.

Or you can call them Clubtails. Because they're so much easier to drink and better than cocktails. "I'll drink to that."



THE CLUB COCKTAILS 25-48 PROOF THE CLUB DISTILLING CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

## LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

### Rex and Dick in a Sick Gay Flick

STAIRCASE  
with Rex Harrison  
and Richard Burton

**T**HIS is a big one that goes away. A big who? I'm not sure. Maybe a big glow of giddiness of revelation, maybe just a big sick clot of mucus.

We never know *Staircase* gets away from Stanley Kramer, the American director who makes and gets away so clean that his customers will see nothing here on a campy romp in wine. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton, two of the screen's most celebrated symbols of virility, are cast as a couple, soulful queens. But *Staircase* is *not* *the Road to Easy Street*. *Easy Street* was a road to hell; *Staircase* also goes down from *Guilty Pleasure*. In its blunt English dramatics, also write both the play and the screenplay, upon which the picture is based.

It's a script of a shagless gal of a movie that, allow for 96 minutes without intermission, may stay at the top of your ear web verba litter. Even so, I like to suggest, above all to those who still do, stand waiting through a movie in search of a special experience, that this is irrelevant. If you put all the pieces together you get a poem that sounds strange. You

get a scream of despair, and it comes from a man little known, uprooted from a London squat, from a one-club-a-month Harry player by Burton, a teary old dear who has lost his touch but still has his Mum. And all day long that broken sex watching spazzy (by Kathleen Nesbitt) does not hit him like a blow gun, since her sleeve is gone, and she looks like a manly man, like a manly man in a pot of paint.

He's like the old chords on a guitar he plays. Rex Harrison, a city boy who is now and sports a set of legs like father-pornite perches, carries himself on air, because he has no need to act, a set of paper down a lane of prospectus grandeur. And, for a minute of seconds down a lane of amorous, nihilistic "instead of paper boats in a river" music.

Harry and Harry have been to

gather for 30 years off and on. But they are comparatively uncommunicative about the tie that binds them. All they really know is that they say together andicker andicker. Charlie plays the bassoon (and Harry plays the harmonica). When Harry contracts a scalp disease and loses his hair, Charlie, an ironworker, tries to help him. He wears a simple cap, like Cleopatra's, to cover his head. When Charlie is never with the summons for standing about in drag, Lucy, another harpist, who doesn't marry, tells him that all Charlie has to come with you is what you want to wear. In the end, under realistic horror that they are truly alone together, not in the same bed, but in the fear of loneliness that makes us more, a fine supplement or word of companion.

**D**IRECTOR'S script is formulaic, down-on-and-outers. But with a bit of forethought and a large, a ridiculous, a reverent Diane von Furstenberg made much better use of it than she has ever for a verbal retelling like this one. To play a wise one is harder, sonically, than a doomsayer, where one wants to wring a compulsion out of it like the actors talk, go home, they hardly have time to act, let alone act. Prime fay and Edward. They knock over a corner and primp and lol with professional aplomb. Let's tear eyes, you can read a jiggling dread that the public won't really understand they are not losing parts. They needn't have worried. Instead of Harry and Charlie, two real and damaged human beings mess customers will simply see Billie Cook and Sexy Harry doing a swish ski. Do you need a group may once charm the gullible with blossomed humanism nature. And I attach some, because *Staircase* has some cuter and homier things to say about love it feels to me what is generally known as gay.

"I tried, you know, Mom," Harry says plumbly. "I used to wear long sleeves, a dark, mechanical when any one mentioned sex, and chucked in dark brown after they passed. Are you coming?" Then later getting them back at it again. Never mind. Life's just two separate sides. The women with their houses all private on one side, and the men on another side. You're supposed to sleep from one to the other, and if I do give you enough notice, He's your mother. And I lie - just close two pens N. bring down the middle.

Mr. Darrach, a free-lance writer, was formerly TIME movie critic.

by Brad Darrach

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## A 'Survival Artist' in a Time of Death

THE RECKONING  
by RICHARD M. ELMAN  
(Charles Scribner's Sons) \$5.95

The corpse leaps up the concentration camp like all the crossroads of modern history. Stolidly refusing to be buried, this is a most inexplicable odyssey in which all the laws of human nature, all the summations of man's progress are rudely doomed to bump into.

We have rubbed our noses in their bloody stances. We have made all the gestures of *merci*, taught us to our highly sophisticated sense of guilt. Still those corpses! They remain too amazingly strong in our nostrils to be ghosts—will not go away.

After a quarter of a century, what is there left to say? At the word "prose," we have become condi-

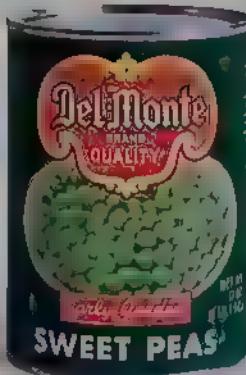
tional to feel bored and, even more, irritated, a certain buzzing boredom commonly rationalized as the banality of evil—that defense mechanism whereby a gadding "Switch off." We fail again and again to rise to the meaning—or meaninglessness—of the tragedy, and those artists who labor to move us to more than apathy or hysteria share in that failure.

Perhaps success, if it could be called that, is impossible. But no one has come much closer than Richard M. Elman in *The Reckoning*, the final volume of a trilogy centering around a family of Hungarian Jews just before the Nazis knocked on their door in 1941.

In the first two novels, *The 25th Day of Etz and Lilo & Dody*, Elman displayed a naturalistic, rawly tendentious to undermine. To amuse horror, as if it were a raw material, in order to produce horror in the reader, or at least a little bit of purpose shock. Sociology and sexual detail were introduced rather as if they were the literary equivalents to genetics.

In *The Reckoning*, the whole toneлагged, disengagement from the ordinary daily events, an easy going that might think Elman—and forgive the numerous ends to his story. No fear. He has simply mastered what might be called, with a shudder, the artist's first law of genetics: pathological history seems "real" only when it is connected to what Freud

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call the psychopathology of everyday life.

*The Reckoning* is the journal of a middle-aged, middle-class man existing at half-speed through a dull provincial existence. Newman Yagoda, an eccentric, hasper up a comfortable fort in with the he, or his wife, or his money are a suggestion certainly like indifference. To be similarly halfinterested as a husband and a father is to fail, and Newman can best that kind of failure arriving as "a kind of terrible stand off" is to his family.

He is one of those same dilettantes who move through the world festively trying no roles for use. He plays at being a political liberal, working on a book called *The Abortion of Poetry*. He plays at being a lover with a safe mistress, he even plays at being a Jew.

By his own description, Newman is a "survival artist." His motto reads: "Never again to suffer." Typically he writes off life as a "hall of mirrors" in which "my function was to dissemble and deceive."

Yet, like all mirror men, Newman knows the petty anguish of the two-dimensionals, the ill-defined—those who are never quite there even as lovers. Clever, energetic, unhampered by scruples, he is capable of anything. But in his instances that means capable of nothing. He is a terrifying il-

lustration of Kafka's aphorism: "There is a goal but no way to it. What we eat the way is hesitation."

Absolutely flexing himself, Newman could not believe the Nazi were for real. Surely they could be adjusted to—merely one more case of anti-Semitism as usual. When he learns otherwise, he tries to buy his escape—to bargain his private way out of history. So, almost inevitably, the professorial does ever ends up deceiving himself.

What *The Reckoning* does to make compulsorily clear is that Newman was cut off from life long before the Nazis appeared. "We release tomorrow a drama even today," wrote Nelly Sachs, that poet laureate of genocide, concerning that frightening as the end that awaits sum. Yes. For Elman who wants work of distinction is to make it all one. "So ending flows to beginning" (Nelly Sachs again).

The concentration camp with corpse heap remains offstage—he older room, the room we shall never visit. We don't need to. Death has been in our mind and heart from the first page—the agonizing absence that is the novel's real presence.

Mr. Maddocks is book editor of the Christian Science Monitor

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by Melvin Maddocks

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## LIFE BOOK REVIEW

### Nightmare World of John Hawkes

LUNAR LANDSCAPES  
by JOHN HAWKES  
(New Directions) \$5.95

Sometimes it seems that all of contemporary American fiction, like Caesar's Gaul, can be divided into three parts: genteel-trivial realism, black humor, and John Hawkes.

Since Hawkes began writing 20 years ago (the earliest work in the retrospective collection of six stories and three novellas is *Chariots*, 1950), his fictional territory has been extended in every direction by some of the most audacious, bravest, deepest, funniest writers ever to make Americans out of English Utopias. Roth, up over Pudds, Barth, Sollers have told us almost everything—*in* illustrations. But the neo-Gothic drama originally staked by John Hawkes stands virtually untouched by anyone else.

The dark otherworld Hawkes surveys in such early novels as *The Cannibal* and *The Beetle Leg* and sketches in the shorter works of *Lunar Landscapes* corresponds to our own world physically. But through a fusion of imagination and occult literary techniques—distortion, hallucination, necrophilic metaphor—Hawkes creates a new anti-real world that makes a black romance of the fact world we live in. The Hawkes world is terrifying, like a movie with picket and tornails. It is beautiful, like a compacted span of bridge or a tenebris of *ice* or a day under the bed—a world as filled with secret messages as a book of smutty postcards.

But to label Hawkes with despair is too easy. "I want to maintain the truth of the fractured picture," he once said, "but always to create and to throw into new light our potential for violence and absurdity as well as for graceful action." What saves his work from mere death celebration is the brilliance of creation. Hawkes writes as though under the guard of Thomas Wolfe's dark angel. His language glows with a cold, starlike lumenescence; images retrieved from an ice age of the emotions.

To read John Hawkes profitably requires the kind of attention one reserves for higher mathematics. His prose is only slightly less difficult to paraphrase than an Auden villanelle.

Beginning with the simplest situations, his fictions soon explode with showers of gorgeous rhetoric and possibilities. In *Chariots* the primary event is matrimony. A 10-year-old bridegroom flees from family and marriage into madness. But Hawkes promptly turns the novella into a tale cast about the wickedness of caste, the delusionment of sex, the ambiguities of identity. Or on I think.

*The Owl and The Goat on the Grave*, the other longer pieces in *Lunar Landscapes* continue the real and the fantastical (or amalgamable) comic and tragedy, but they return us more than *Chariots*. Both told in Italy, they are fractured visions of terror. In *The Owl* a medieval citadel is ruled by the narrator, who is a hangman, a sexual predator and a brain an end. Hawkes depicts scenes that his characters would circumstances. Finally, he has rearranged his slices to create a fantasy of fate, a delayed Chekhovian comic date with the doomed. Gothic figures grotesque but upper and black benevolence. *The Goat on the Grave* is Hawkes's modern comedy of *The Owl*. Here the man or is warfare. The victim is humanity. She rots for us all in an organ of my who wanders across the ruins of a war-torn civilization in search of his mother.

If Hawkes dreams nightmares throughout *Lunar Landscapes* he lifts them once in *A Little Bit of the Old Stop and Tickle* to reveal the lower of life behind the quarrels with monstrous human behavior. Sparrows, the other creatures, return to the scene where his wife and kids live among floridness, having made forever dead. And the old man in the novel and empty are poems of encrusted pastures and rebirths. Sparrows and women conduct clouds of human renewal and regeneration.

There's a touch of the in *Ice* in Hawkes' falcon in *Lunar Landscapes*. You can see the younger Hawkes reciting prayers, in tethering sandals, watching vultures. He has grown wiser since those earlier days. But the eccentric John Hawkes is gloriously present, wandering through the machinery of the psyche, creating with ingenuity an imagination superior to reason, decay and sensual experience—the one we live in. Hawkes' biography sounds like a War of Statistics: 54, professor at Brown, married and four kids, American Field Service in World War II. But this student of Joyce and Literary heir of Steinbeck invokes the magic of literature. He augurs light from darkness. The fact is that John Hawkes is a musing, the Gothic sorcerer of modern American letters.

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by Webster Schott



## Where to find people who care about people

Industry's recruitment and training of the hard-core unemployed might be solely profit-motivated... if people aren't

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To believe that profit is the only motivation is to underestimate people. Look at all the white collars and blue collars active as volunteers in local and national welfare programs. In every kind of charitable fund drive, in church and PTA work, fraternal and service club projects, YMCA and YWCA, scouting, Headstart programs, Big Brothers, Little Leagues, and a great deal more.

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# Make the greatest cooking discovery since fire.

The incredible *Amana Radarange* Microwave Oven.  
It sizzles a hamburger in 60 seconds, does a 5-pound roast in 37½ minutes,  
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Now from Amana, a totally new way to cook, defrost, or reheat food—The Radarange Oven, world's first portable microwave oven. Because the Amana Radarange Oven's portable you can enjoy cool, quick cooking wherever you want in your home. Plug it in anywhere, operates on standard 115 volt outlet, uses no more electricity than a fry pan.

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Amana Radarange Oven fits easily on kitchen counter (just 15" high, 23¾" wide, 17½" deep overall).

Make the quick-cooking portable Amana Radarange Oven your own discovery for the whole family. It's another giant step forward—electrically.

See your Amana Dealer or write Ann MacGregor, Dept. FF, Amana, Iowa 52203. Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship, Amana Refrigeration, Inc., Amana, Iowa, Subsidiary of Raytheon Company.

Live the carefree way with  
**Flameless Electric Cooking**



Live Better  
Electrically

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This Gold Medallion identifies a home where everything is electric, including the heat.



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Maybe you push your skis like the fantasic Hart Demonstration Team. Or maybe you're just an average skier doing your thing. Either way it's nice to know your Haris will take twice the punishment you've ever apt to give them.

Hart quality adds that extra something. High-performance fiberglass combined with space-age metals. So precisely designed that...

Hart Skis are Guaranteed for Life. Is the original purchaser against deformation and loss of edges; for two years against breakage in normal use. Hart will replace or repair the ski free upon return to factory at St. Paul, Minn. Owner pays transportation. This is the guarantee that has made thousands switch to Haris. See them at your Hart Ski Specialty Shop. Then give 'em all you've got. They can take it.



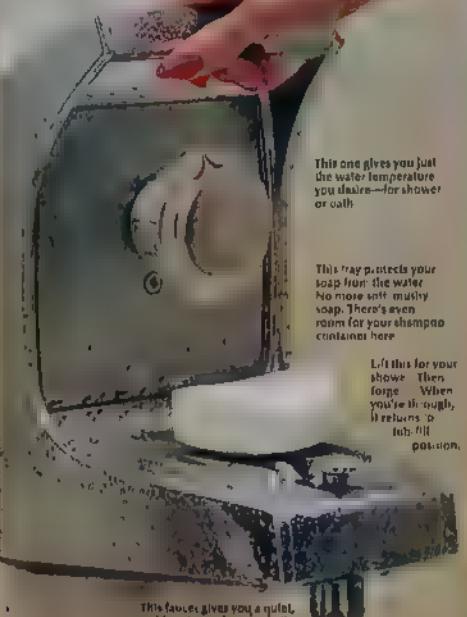
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*See Tom LeRoy and Hermann Geelner perform in Hart's spectacular ski films.*



## We call this faucet Moenique.<sup>™</sup> (It's quite a handle.)

This handle helps you in  
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See a Moenique this week-end  
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Clover Construction 4-211 Clay Park Drive M. Clemens, Michigan	Hobbs & Parker Company 25644 Plymouth Road Detroit, Michigan 48230	R.E. Hill Construction 4015 Airport Road B. Igdezel, Michigan 48722
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turns you on.

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# Not just another tall story...

## Viceroy Longs.



All the taste...all the time.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### FIRE ON THE MOON

Sir:

Who gives a link's damn about Hemingway's remark concerning a whore? Who gives a link's damn (in this case) about the sun-soaked Hemingway (may he rest in peace)? Who gives a link's damn whether Norman Mailer was at Aquarius' stable house in 1968, or about Old World Guster's desire to run in a Democratic primary for mayor of New York? What in heaven have these to do with

A Major Report on the Moon Ventures. This is not irreverence. It is piracy. If Old World Guster is being paid by the word:

CHESTER HORNIGRAN  
New York, N.Y.

► He's not ED.

Sir:

It may be that the near-perfect subplot has been parried with the near-perfect author. It isn't the moon landing as such, but a study of those brain-wavers of us in the NASA team and their leaders can tell us: They will continually stop at nothing to achieve what in their opinion are mankind's greatest goals and greatest pleasures. Their main concern is that of resources to put a pasteboard man on another planet.

They may have caused some temporary flames on earth in order to achieve that goal, but the most beautiful and enduring fire is the one inside Norman Mailer.

PATRICIA BOONE MILLER  
Floyd's Knob, Ind.

Sir:

Norman Mailer's Mailer has made his contribution to history. He has Hitler speak of Hitler, and he has him say, "Is not death glorious?" The German word is *grauheit*.

DR. PAUL SCORIO SINGER  
Summit, N.J.

Sir:

Mailer's perspective and honest, Jewish wisdom far surpass anything I've read with regard to our collective strengths and weaknesses since the best of James Joyce and Thomas Wolfe. I can't wait to read the Mailer rhapsody of the military-scientific-political bickerings at the Century Plaza Hotel convention in Los Angeles.

ALBERT MORILLO  
Richmond, Calif.

Sir:

What Norman Mailer needs (like Thomas Wolfe, who in some respects he resembles) is another Maxwell Perkins to give form to his proflix writing. His subjective treatise was marred by

locus prejudices, probably "too deep for words." Thus trying to package Werner von Braun (a pure scientist and above politics) and NASA as a Nazi organization is about as silly as for a Gentle to say the *Bonnie & Clyde* is a cover for Benny's breath.

GALEN GRAHAM  
Centra Lake, Mich.

Sir:

I'm happy to hear the next installment is not "the" for six weeks. My subscription will lapse in three.

R. WILLIAM SPRINGFIELD, Ill.

### WOODSTOCK

Sir:

The Big Woodstock Rock Trip" (Aug. 29). This is a brief (if not the last) of the boho tube generation. Where are their Mickey Mouse hats?

H. P. HOBBS  
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

The news media have spent hours and hours of words devoting the Woodstock fair but little has been said of the other sides and others who really drew the multitudes together. I am a designer, Ira Arztoid, a writer, and I developed the "three days of peace and music" theme on which the fair was based, and created the now-famous Woodstock poster that last week on the cover of its special Woodstock edition,

ARNOLD SKOLNICK  
New York, N.Y.

► Mr. Skolnick's name has unfortunately omitted from the picture credits in the Woodstock Special Edition.—ED.

### SPECIAL REPORT

Sir:

William Zinsser's report of his committee's strictures on the neopronunciation of nonnative English in the English language ("It's An O.K. Word," *Time*, Aug. 29) delighted me. What about the most ridiculous of all abuses, "This has got to be the greatest," which Mr. Nixon tries to make respectable as "This has to be the greatest?"

M. C. WREN  
Toledo, Ohio

Sir:

I fear that the cavalry is arriving after the fort has long since burned down. So few people can use a dictionary intelligently that only the already literate are likely to appreciate one that tries to set respectable grammatical standards.

DAVID PIERCE  
Atlanta, Ga.

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3. TO WRITE ABOUT EDITORIAL OR ADVERTISING CONTENTS: Address: LIFE, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Sir:

Using the "exact tools" of the language, William Zinsser reports that the usage panel "strictly upheld most of the classic distinctions . . . no matter how many people use them wrong." As a lexicographer, Zinsser should know that few people use words wrong, though many, himself included, use words wrongly.

CRAIG C. ELLY  
Rockford, Ill.

► Mr. Zinsser refuses to feel bad, or even guilty. Like *cup-and-saucer* Marianne Moore, who chooses the grammatical form without seems afflent, "she doesn't think strongly," sounds rightly.—ED.

### BARNEY ROSET

Sir:

Rosset is changing the image of the amateur peddler (*The Old Smell Peddler*, "Aug. 29). The peddler now appears as a dedicated man, bent on the task of protecting our rights, a freedom fighter. When Rosset suppresses decency he becomes his censor.

D. L. BARZENSCH  
Newhall, Calif.

Sir:

One word about *Lif's* decent and yellow journalism. After all these years of fighting for free literary expression, a fight from which *Lif* has emerged with its own benefits, we, as a good reader of the magazine, will have been able to discern over the past several years—it may perhaps be allowed to offer one possible definition for the word "adult": It is when truth is perceived to the point of nonrecognition.

BARNEY ROSET  
Grove Press, Inc.  
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

How nice that Barney Rosset has no worry about his son over being the victim of a gang rape on his way home from school, or that he will never have to identify his little girl's mutilated body—more evidence that one more person has been persuaded that "there is nothing wrong with acting out his fantasies."

JOAN RUBACK  
Chester, N.Y.

Sir:

Inexcusable for a *Lif* department dedicated to photographic excellence to Red Roland Michael's photographs (Gallery, Aug. 29) "as warmly lit and lovingly composed as three Rembrandt oils." Haven't we all agreed that comparing photography to painting serves neither art? Must another 150-old years go by before photography earns its own esthetic?

ROBERT MORTON  
Editor  
Time-Life Library of Art  
New York, N.Y.

### STEVIE

Sir:

I loved the book *Stevie* ("Reading a Book about Children," Aug. 29). I wish we had more like it. All we hear about are Tom and Jane and their family.

JACKIE LOWMYER  
Marion, Mass.

Sir:

John Steptoe has failed in one of his objectives: "The story the language, is not directed at white children"; *Stevie* will appeal to a "child" —that great English word that knows no sex, race, religion or creed, and *Stevie* is appealing to a under-aged WASP. It is a simple reflection of old literature's pertinence to the universal experience of mankind. Unconsciously, perhaps, John Steptoe approached this pertinence by writing of experiences held in common by ordinary people.

JANE SYKES  
Los Gatos, Calif.

Sir:

*Stevie* will be clipped out and read to our child, as she may understand that black children are warm, happy, funny and bright sometimes sad and sometimes glad. Just like she is. Thank you, John Steptoe.

DOROTHY M. BURKE  
Annapolis, Md.

### MOWBOT

Sir:

William Zinsser's tongue-in-cheek concern about the safety aspects of the Mowbot automatic-electronic lawnmower ("Electronic Clap de Grass," Aug. 29) stimulates his admission that he has never even seen a Mowbot. Had he seen one in operation he would know that Mowbot does avoid all permanent obstacles such as trees, flower beds, etc., which are identified by the border-signal wire. As for temporary obstacles such as pets, toys, smokers or humans, Mowbot, upon any impact, will either instantly stop, gently push the obstacle out of the way, or retreat its blades as it passes over the object, so no damage occurs. Further Mowbot's cutter motors are equipped with circuit breakers which immediately stop the blades if the load exceeds the safety margin as would be the case with Mr. Zinsser's milk cow or car. Finally, in the remote event that Mowbot crosses over a border signal wire, an electronic sensor instantly stops both motor and blades. Mowbot's suggested retail price is \$873, not \$795 as Mr. Zinsser says.

GERARD E. NISAL  
Executive Vice President  
MOWBOT, Inc.  
Tonawanda, N.Y.

► Mr. Zinsser repeats that his imagination erased the border-signal wire.—ED.

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**"My mother was a 'Maytag bride'  
41 years ago, and now—so am I!"  
says Mrs. Wertman.**



*"I learned about Maytag dependability from my mother's experience."*

*"The one she got in 1928 still works."*

"Shortly after we were married Tim asked me what kind of washer and dryer we should get," writes Mrs. Sandra Wertman, Lancaster, Ohio. "My answer immediately was Maytag. No doubt about it."

She was only following her mother's example. "Mom bought a Maytag wringer washer in 1928 that she used until just three years ago, when she got her new Maytag Washer and Dryer," continues Mrs. Wertman. "She couldn't bear to part with her old faithful, though. She still has it and it's still in working order after 41 years. If I ever have a daughter, maybe she'll be a Maytag bride, too."

Today you can get New Generation Maytags with all the latest features. A washer with giant capacity. A dryer with Electronic Control. Both have Maytag's special Permanent Press Cycle that helps keep the press in and the wrinkles out.

We don't say all Maytags will match the record Mrs. Wertman's mother enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag.



**MAYTAG**  
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



### After 3 years, the car that cost the least costs the most.

The Official Used Car Guide is full of surprises.

To show you what we mean, we've put the 1966 Volkswagen against 7 popular '66 compacts.\*

Back when they were sparkling new, the popular compacts sold, on average, for \$610 more than the Volkswagen sedan.

You'd be amazed at how unpopular they've become in 3 years.

The same compacts now sell off a used car for an average of \$201 less than the Volkswagen.

Of course, when you stop and think about it, it's really surprising at all.

How appealing is a car that looks 3 years older? Compared to one that never

looks old?

Or a car that gets about 14 miles per gallon? Compared to one that gets about 26?

Or a car that takes lots of oil and water? Compared to one that takes little oil and no water?

The Official Used Car Guide is full of foregone conclusions.



# The new Sealy Posturepedic Sleep System can change your life. Overnight.



The new Sealy Posturepedic Sleep System is a total plan for total comfort.

The new sleep system is part foundation. Part mattress. And part magic. The base of the new sleep system is a new foundation that replaces the box spring.



The new Posture Grid® foundation works on the principle of give and take. The more weight the torsion bar takes—the more support it gives back.



Instead of old fashioned springs, the new foundation uses torsion bars to give your body more support. (Torsion bars are what gives luxury cars that smooth, comfortable ride.)

The second part of the sleep system is the famous Posturepedic mattress. The one designed in co-operation with leading orthopedic surgeons for firm, comfortable support. And the one that promises no morning backache from sleeping on a too-soft mattress.

When you put the new foundation together with the Posturepedic mattress magic happens. They're made for each other. Like ham and eggs. Or peaches and cream. The sleep system gives your entire body firm support from head to toe.



At the same time it's so comfortable it lets your body gently relax to sleep.

Try the new Sealy Posturepedic Sleep System tonight. You'll never want to sleep on an ordinary bed again.

## Sealy Posturepedic

Try the Sealy Posturepedic Sleep System for 30 nights. If you end your body don't agree it's the greatest night's rest you've ever had—just bring it back. No questions asked. Offer good in participating stores thru Dec. 31, 1967.

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## How do you like your Alps? In Germany, they come in all sizes.

Pick a slope at 1640 feet and you can mix sun bathing with your wedgie. Or choose the 9600 foot Zugspitze and ski as late as May—when they're already picking strawberries in the valley below. With over 50 resorts within 60 miles of Munich you can try the Olympic runs at Garmisch-Partenkirchen one day, skate and bobble the next, then unwind with a horse-drawn sleigh ride through the spectacular Bavarian scenery.

And the hours off the slope are no nothing back home. Everything from concerts to roulette from medieval castles to a mid-winter Mardi Gras called Fasching. The masquerade balls, parades, music and dancing just don't stop. Not even for dawn.

If you like skiing, contact Lufthansa. Three weeks skiing on our slopes costs only what one week could cost here. And that's a long run for your money.

**EUROPACAR HOLIDAY TOURS FROM \$320.** Lufthansa's six round-trip New York/Amsterdam (or Frankfurt \$338; Munich \$343) gives you up to 20 nights accommodation and an Avis car with up to 3000 free kilometers. If you land in Frankfurt or Munich, you can get 1000 free kilometers with a "Funbus" (Avis VW Microbus) for a party of up to

seven. The added cost starts at only \$14 per person for three weeks. (Ask about rates for a "Funbus with chauffeur.)

**EUROPACAR SKI TOURS FROM \$338.** Includes a rented winterized Avis car with up to 3000 free kilometers (train option), up to 20 nights accommodation in Bad Ragaz, Switzerland, round-trip jet New York/Zurich. Folder includes three other tours offering 13 and 20-night accommodation, plus a wide choice of meal plans, transportation and ski resorts.

**SKI THE ALPS FROM \$338.** Two or three weeks at your choice of up to 3 famous Alpine resorts, Innsbruck, Kitzbühel, Zurs, St. Anton, Davos, Zermatt and many others. Includes round-trip jet flight from New York to Europe, chalet-type accommodation, breakfast, motor coach transportation or Volkswagen option.

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Dear Lufthansa: Let me size up the details. Send information on the tour I've checked.

- 21-day EUROPACAR HOLIDAY TOURS from \$320
- 14 and 21-day EUROPACAR SKI TOURS from \$338
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My travel Agent is \_\_\_\_\_

Per person based on 14/21 day stay. \*Based on G1 Economy Class Fare, airfare when applicable. Land arrangements based on double occupancy. Double room supplement \$12.00 per night.

See **Vacationland Germany** with

 **Lufthansa**  
German Airlines

by Barry Farrell

## Confessions of a kite hustler

I thought my display looked terrible sprawled there on the grass, with everything sorted into pyramids and piles, one a raven-black fighter swooping overhead, I'd soon burned a few sticks of incense of India incense, just to set the tone for my show. All the same, the many people kept telling me that I should have made a sign.

**RARE IMPORTED HAND-MADE FIGHTER KITES FROM INDIA**

**SPECIAL #2 & #3 SPECIAL**

**HERE TODAY NOW**

Something like you might have bought on a buyers' stampede, and I suppose I would have put a sign up had I been so inclined for the sake of selling kites. But what I was doing was my own performance—my professional debut, in fact—and a signboard would have been vulgar and distracting, so I instead read me agin at the Royal Halle. Those who saw the kite and fell under its abiding spell would have to be trustee to my secret, as I was right keen enough to follow the kitestring eastward to me and my difficult display.

The Rutland State Fair in Vermont seemed about my speed, a country fair with a midway and snow, drawing about 15,000 visitors a day. Before setting up, I raked the grounds thoroughly, clearing out the trees, the wires, the bow of the crowd. There was a tempting glade between the Maple Sugar House and the tall barn, but I figured the traffic at that spot would be a shade too apple-cheeked for my exotic wares. The Midway was less inviting still—ago just a skyline of Rock-a-Plane, Teacups and Ferris wheels, a keweenaw look as frail as a sparrow. At last I discovered the perfect spot, an island of grass between the race track and a grueling Pavglas tank where Skipper the Porpoise was swimming Speed. The sense of movement, the sense of motion, was where I found my people.

I was 200 feet high above, holding when the gates were opened and the first

day's crowd came pushing in. The wind was a warning westerly, steady and soft, just right for an India fighter. A thumb-scar across the line was enough to bring me about, for a dive, and I zoomed down past the tree-tops, past Skipper's tank and the Navy recruitment bus, down until I was spinning a foot or less above the choppy river of approaching asphalted faces. My hand reached up to snare me, but I was already swooping away. With the raven safe in the altitude, I tidied my stores of tails and rods and strings, lighting another incense for good measure. The crowd, I knew, was transfixed—too transfixed to stop.

As I waited for my first disciple-customer to emerge from the timid masses, it struck me that for pure mental at-ease I was probably the best-trained pilotman at the fair. Sure maybe I didn't have a spool, maybe I didn't have a string. What did, however, was my kites were like sons to me! I hadn't spun five years after the string for nothing. I thought—kites! I built kites, flew kites in every weather, gathered in the breeze of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Nile, the Seine, could the Hera-Lou-gor man say as much?

My weakness was in letting the birds mean too much to me. A simple fly at most wound up a crest, a lesson in aerodynamics, a consultation with a silent oracle. Selling a few kites might serve as a cure, I thought. I would reduce all these spiritualistic complexities to the healthiest American equation: \$2 for the little ones, \$3 for the big.

The wind turned fickle as the day grew warm and sticky, but a low-speaker voice was summoning the crowd to Skipper's tank—the moment I'd been waiting for. Circus-style hot-doggers overcame me as the purpose-fansers assembled, and soon I was daring a corkscrew descent into the patchwork we were flying over the tank, risking everything. I could feel the weight of rainy Vermont reckoning tied like a tail to my kite. Somewhere on a fence line, I sensed a sale coming in.

Skippers' sky tents were handily applied, and he might have been given the purposeful sky sign board and MC. In an access of resegment, I sent the raven into a se-

ries of slips and glides, a wicked parody of the splashing flippered thing in the tank.

"How much?"  
With a folksyly coy economy of words, a ring-faced Vermonter was taking the price of a bird. He stood near the display of tails, soaring up at the sky like an old-timer in a cigarette ad. I needed only a second to collect myself. "Two for the little ones, three for the big."

Like many an amateur kite inspector, the Vermonter had trouble believing that the site was in control. But the raven was on a maneuver of *hakka*-like perfection, I dove and dived, a mere and open, calling my shot in advance. When at last I hooked back with a fore-giving smile, ready to do business, the Vermonter had won his way.

It wasn't until King Kovax and the Ape-Dark Devils took to the track that my act finally got itself together. The genuine rays were shooting through dirt-track slabs that sent brown Sa-ka dust clouds billowing up across my grassy island, sift ing my tails, rods and birds, whirling the cloud up into the heavy head turned to follow the zipping pull—and there in the center, like a hunting scythe, flew the raven. Suddenly, customers were jostling around my display. A kite? Of course! Two kites and a tail!

I sold \$99 worth of kites at the fair which meant 21 Vermonter apprentices and \$69 worth of crowd acceptance for my act. My gratitude made it impossible to push very hard for sales, and by way of compensation for the business I was doing in birds, I found myself aping again for the price of my string.

Since my costs were the same as my prices, my profits were strictly emotional. Apart from the pleasure of flying, the fact of being part of a fair seems to open conduits running 20 years back in time to times when fares and the alps on my calendar. My heroes then were a clique of Filipino Yu-Yo men who would play the playground for my school along Dog Eat Me and Walka De Dog. Their message was different from mine, of course, but their message was clearly to say no, and we will eat you only when you're not holding onto the string.



Let us give your belongings this kind of care when you move.

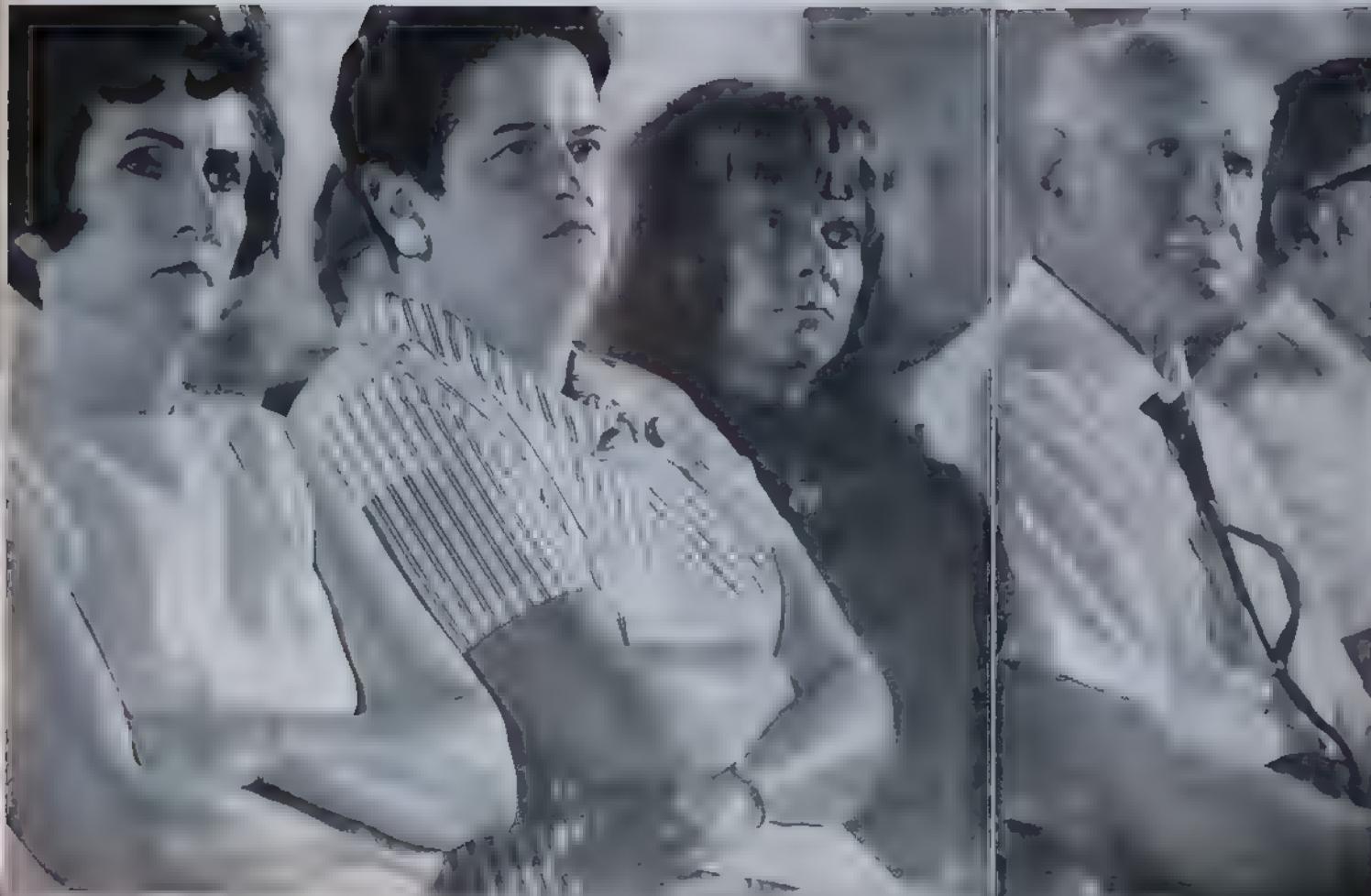
Consider your lampshades, for example. We protect them inside special Mayflower cartons lined with white tissue. And we handle them only by the frames. A little thing, perhaps, but just one of the many "tremendous trifles" that make a Mayflower move best for your belongings. We're in your Yellow Pages. Call us when you move long distance.





The nationwide debate over the effects  
of sex education on  
little children splits a small town in Wisconsin

# Facing the 'Facts of Life'



In Cedarburg, Wis., stony-faced citizens (left) attend rally to protest sex education in elementary schools. Above, part of the controversial curriculum—a film strip aimed at third-graders



A young woman who taught it gets obscene phone calls. A Lutheran minister who supports it faces rebellion in his church. Former bridge partners who disagree over it snub each other on the street. A mother of six who opposes it says, "It is like fighting the devil himself."

The issue is sex education for little children. Teaching the facts of life in high schools always has been controversial. But in the small town of Cedarburg, Wis.—as in thousands of communities across the U.S.—the recent shift of sex education to the elementary grades has stoked anger, fear and mistrust. In Cedarburg parents expend so much energy on the controversy that their concern has rubbed off on their children, who scream 'SEX' across the sidewalks of the main street. Because of all this fuss, says an elementary school principal, 'the word sex has become a dirty word to kids.'

The local seven-man school board started the program last January at the request of such Establishment groups as the PTA, clergy and civic leaders. Though parents were invited by the schools to view the course before it began, there was so little interest only 25 showed up. Now, egged on by the right-wing Christian Crusade and John Birch Society, some parents see the course as a Communist plot designed to undermine the morality of American youth. Others more temporarily believe that it invades parental rights and wonder whether teachers, particularly the single ones, are qualified—morally or academically—to talk about babies. Some fear that too early classroom discussion of sex will encourage children to experiment or lead to psychological trauma. This month, the Cedarburg school board caved in, and suspended the course—causing some already angry teachers to think about quitting.

Photographed by MICHAEL MAUNEY

THE ZOO TRIP  
SHOW AND TELL

## How the facts were taught in Cedarburg

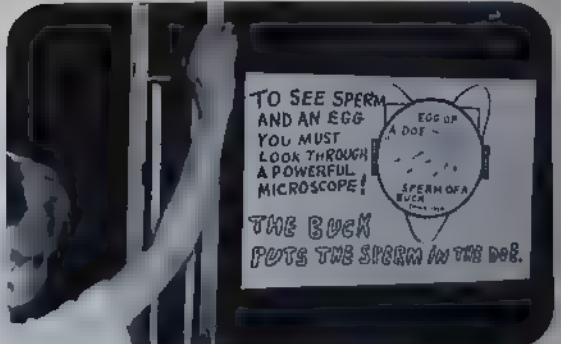
The film strip at left—a key part of the disputed program—was shown at school year to 8- and 9-year-old third graders in Cedarburg. It was their first in-school instruction on how babies are made. The strip tells the story of a class who have visited a zoo, seen animals with their young and come back to school to discuss the trip. A 12-track record containing a side-by-side commentary is played with the strip. After a discussion of how chicken eggs are hatched the "teacher" in the strip, Miss Brown, says that a donkey carries her young in the body until it is ready to be born. The slides and commentary go on to describe how one boy comes to class with a project that his father helped him complete: diagrams that explain how a deer reproduces. The boy shows the class where the fawn grows inside the doe, and explains "fert. zone." Then a girl gives a chart showing where human babies grow in their mothers. She says her mother told her all mammals have babies in much the same way and that "reproduction" is the word to describe it. Her father had paid her mother have a baby last winter, the girl says, by giving her sperm. An important word to remember," the girl says, is pregnant. This word describes the mother when she has the baby inside her body. (In Cedarburg, teachers ask how the sperm is given, a teacher refers him to his parents.)

Like other parts of the sex education curriculum the film strip has been criticized for "animalizing" human reproduction and for failing to point out the necessity of marriage. Under the suspended program, other grades would have been exposed to the following:

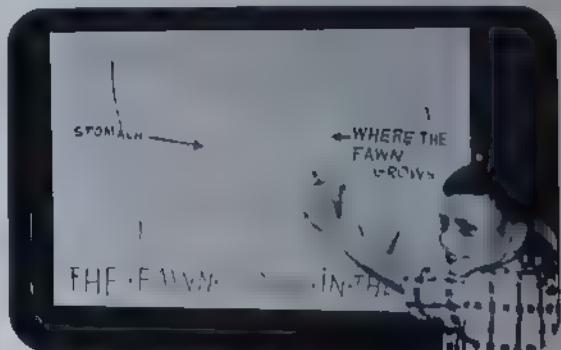
Fret grade—a film *Mother Hen's Family*. Second grade—Miss Brown's class goes to the Zoo; the prelude to the film strip shown here. Fourth grade—*Human and Animal Beginnings*, a cartoon showing how eggs hatch and how a human baby develops inside the mother. Fifth grade—*Animal Reproduction*, a color movie showing the birth of a snake and a lamb (Fifth graders sit with mothers and school nurse present also would have watched a Walt Disney animated film on menstruation. We've been showing this for years," says a teacher. "I'm about as offbeat as Bambi. Parents were indignant because an explanatory pamphlet was given the girls got in the hands of boys on the school bus.) Seventh and eighth graders—charts showing male and female reproductive organs. All now have been suspended along with the rest of the Family Living program which also included safety, nutrition, dental care.

The program was also instituted in kindergarten where toddlers watched chicks hatching in the incubator. The eggs were provided free by a mother who is now protesting the program. "If I'd known what the school was up to, she says they never would have got their hands on my eggs."

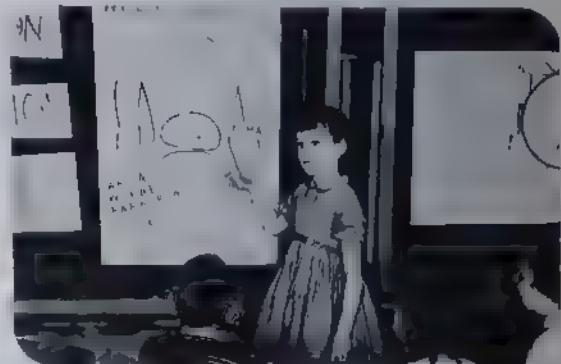
These pictures—captioned with excerpts from the narrative—show three slides from the filmstrip intended for third-graders.



"The buck does not put a baby in the mother's body," said Mark. "He puts a special liquid which his body makes called sperm in the mother. The doe has a small egg in her body which meets the sperm to start life."



"The baby fawn stays inside the mother until he is old enough to eat for himself and strong enough for the outside world," said Mark. "That was a good report," said Miss Brown. The class agreed.



Laurie has a report on how humans have babies. "Where does the baby grow in the mother?" asked Tom. Laurie answered. "In the lower part of the mother's body in a dark, warm place."



## Drawing the battle lines on main street

The debate in Cedarburg is personal and intense, but it is by no means unique. The controversy rages in virtually every state. Though sex education in elementary schools has been approved by the American Medical Association, the National Education Association and the National Council of Churches, some 20 state legislatures have considered bills to control the curriculum or abolish it. Angry parents are banding together in POSSE (Parents Opposed to Sex and Sensitivity Education), SOS (Sanity On Sex) and MOMS (Mothers Organized for Moral Stability). By pamphlet and word of mouth, opponents spread spicy rumors. San Francisco schools show films of intercourse (they don't). Anaheim, Calif., which has a progressive sex education class, has a high disease rate (it doesn't). A Midwest teacher stripped nude for an anatomy class (she didn't). A favorite target is the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., which provides detailed manuals to teachers—critics say the materials go directly to kids. The most vociferous attacks come from ultraconservatives, including the John Birch Society. Dan Smoot, Let Freedom Ring, and Rev. Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. "I don't want any kids under 12 to hear about sexual intercourse," Rev. Hargis says. "They should be concerned with tops, Yo-Yos and hide-and-seek."



Mobilizing with their children (above), mothers who favor sex education petition supporters on the main street of Cedarburg. At right opponents prepare for a protest rally that brought in the Christian Crusade's Gordon Drane (below left). Below is a principals' meeting; teacher Letta Dvorak describes program she helped devise.





FROM THE PUPILS OF THE DUDLEY COLLEGE, WHICH HAS BEEN SPILT BY THE CONTROVERSY OF SEX EDUCATION IN THE SCHOOLS, THE REVEREND JOHN SELBY PREACHES A SERMON ON THE SUBJECT TO YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT, WHATEVER THE CONTROVERSY, LIFE GOES ON. (D. CEDERBERG)



Senator Thurmond looking stern at the 1968 Fortas hearings

**How the senator from South Carolina succeeds in real estate**

## Strom's Little Acres

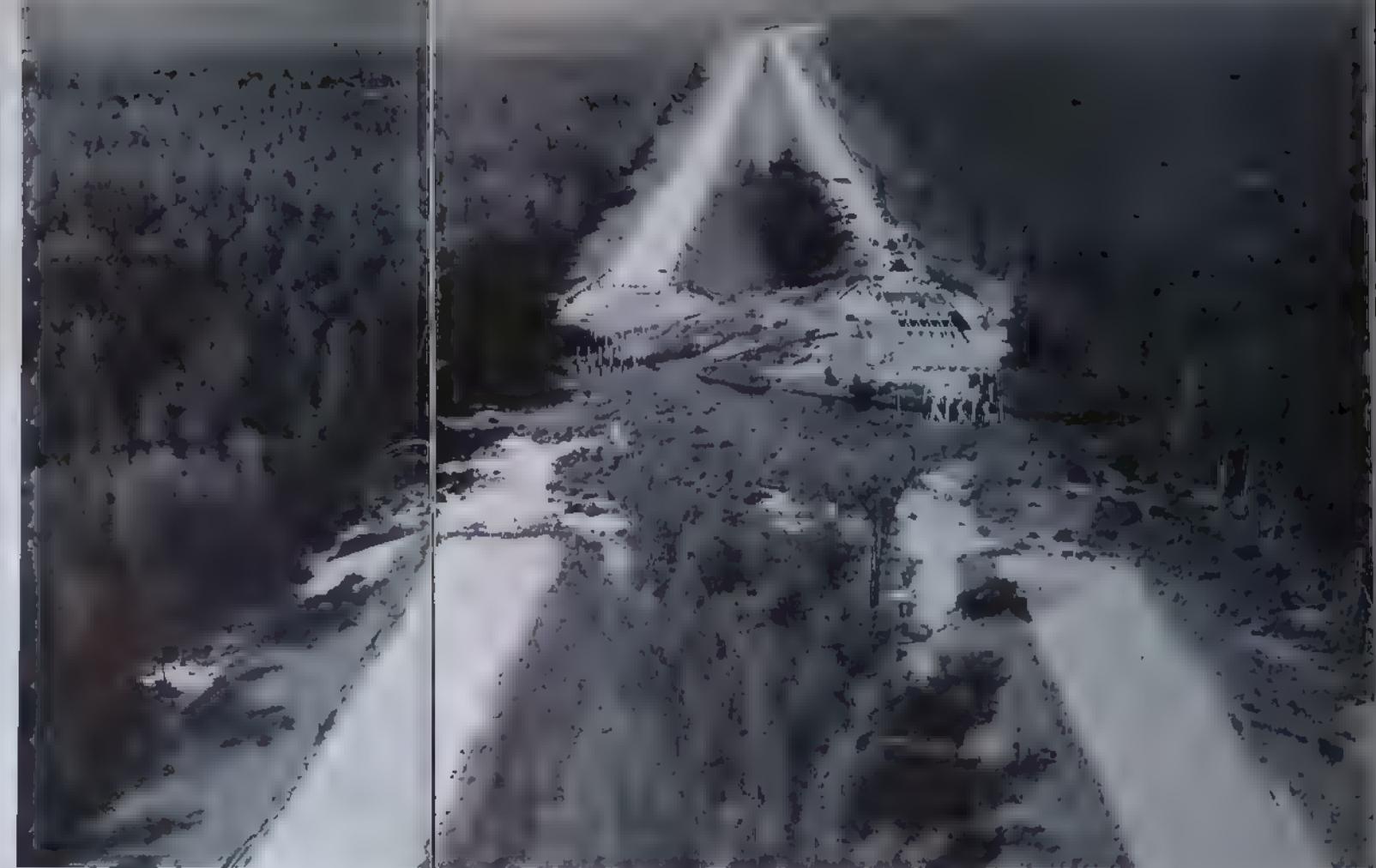
As his colleagues in the U.S. Senate know, of all the people to be suspected of abuse of public position for private profit, Strom Thurmond is the least likely candidate. When Strom Thurmond went to the Senate, he dissolved his law partnership, resigned as president of the At-

lanta Federal Savings and Loan Association (which he had organized and was attorney for and helped to sell stocks to hold. He has had no connection with business since then.) Editorial in the Columbia (S.C.) Record, June 16, 1969.

"Mr. President, members of the Supreme Court should be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion." Senator Thurmond commenting on the Justice Fortas scandal, May 5, 1969.

by DENNY WALSH

The South Carolina Highway Department paid \$200 an acre for Interstate 20



right-of-way property on the far side of the river. For Senator Thurmond's land, shown in the foreground, the price was \$492 an acre

"A man in public office has got to appear in his right at the height." Senator Thurmond debate with his mother of Mr. Justice Douglas' outside earnings, June 9, 1969.

In a government there can be few more volatile and intriguing figures of interest concerning office than Strom Thurmond the senator from South Carolina.

Senator Thurmond has an almost un-

matched gift for projecting disapproval—a quality which prompts even his enemies to feel grateful for his presence without knowing what for. Social acquaintances like him as a warm and courtly man, but the warmth he radiates on the floor of the Senate is American Gothic. He exudes vanity, the rare smile that bounces his straight mouth in the sort of rapture that starts avalanches. He is a big, egomaniacal fit,

pusher-up and a weight-lifter, a user of nothing more auditive than phone juice. His bearing and smile are those of a general officer (he is a two-star rear admiral in the Army). He is a swigger in only the most literal sense—over the years he has undertaken to right more than a few a Trans美 with his fist.

Senator Thurmond's status and power in Washington are commensurate with the rewards of the rectitude he preaches. A key member of the Judiciary and Armed Services com-

mettes, he moves importantly in the corridors of Capitol Hill.

Because of his unique position as the Republican who is Southern enough, son or enough and segregationist enough to hold the battlements against George Wallace, Senator Thurmond has great persuasive authority in the Nixon administration, among whose working staff he is known as "Sugar Daddy." His former administrative aide and close associate, Harry Dent, is, by reason of his control over personnel, currently the most politically influential man in the White House. Dent is in the White House because Thurmond wanted him there. No Nixon appointments from the South are made without Strom Thurmond's assent, and there have been a lot of them. This would include Postmaster General Winton M. ("Red") Blount, an Alabamian, and it would include Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. of Greenville, S.C., President Nixon's nominee to the Supreme Court (see box, p. 46). No fewer than 16 South Carolinians occupy key executive department positions in the Nixon administration. These range from special assistants to the

Defense Secretary and the Postmaster General, to the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the tax division, to a director of the Export-Import Bank.

Back home in South Carolina, Thurmond's power, if not absolute, is awesome. It was here that he first drew national attention when as a Democratic governor he ran for President of the United States in 1948 as a Democrat. He returned to the fold to be elected to the Senate as a Democrat in 1954 and supported Senator Lyndon B. Johnson for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960, but sat out the subsequent Kennedy-Nixon race. He became a Republican to campaign for Barry Goldwater in 1964, and four years later held six states of the South for Nixon. (It is noteworthy that one of his favorite acts before bolting the Democratic party was to oust of the old political horse-trader Lyndon Johnson, maneuvering the appointment of his former law partner, Charles E. Simons Jr., to the federal bench.)

His home state press ranges from uncritical to admiring. Most of his constituents are reluctant to believe Strom Thurmond capable of cutting a single ethical corner—or, believing, most reluctant to talk about it.

But lately there has been talk about a real estate venture in Aiken County, near the Georgia border, in which Senator Thurmond and his old Aiken law associate, Federal Judge Charles E. Simons Jr., are partners. The talk concerns a transaction between the Thurmond-Simons partnership and the South Carolina Highway Department which resulted in a whopping profit for the senator and the judge. There was no publicity concerning the deal, which was put through more than a year ago. Public records of it are hard to come by, or unattainable for one reason or another and were in one instance mysteriously missing from court files for a time.

### Everything that is Southern these days is cleared with Strom

The facts, as developed by LIFO's investigation, are straightforward enough. What they add up to is that Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons received from the state highway department more money for their land than any neighboring owners of similar property received, more money than the land was worth by any appraisal other than their own—in brief, more money by far than they would have received had they not been U.S. Senator Thurmond and Federal Judge Simons.

The Thurmond-Simons tract consists of some 3,000 acres of rough scrub land, mostly covered with scrub timber, for which they had paid an average of \$14.35 an acre, beginning with a 2,300-acre purchase in 1953. Aside from the harvest of some timber, the land had since remained idle and unproductive.

In 1966, the highway department began condemnation proceedings in Aiken County for right-of-way for the projected Interstate High-

way 20, which bisects the state from the northeast to Augusta, Ga., in the south. Included was a 66.04-acre strip through the Thurmond-Simons tract. Condemnation suits in that vicinity brought an average of around \$200 per acre to the landowners, a price generally conceded to be fair.

Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons, on the other hand, got \$492 an acre. And their remaining property, bisected for nearly a mile by Interstate 20, should now be worth even more. An overpass connects the two sides, and the state is paving, at a cost of \$26,636, about a mile-and-a-quarter strip of dirt road running through Thurmond-Simons land.

How did this favorable result come to pass?

At the outset of condemnation proceedings for the right-of-way, the state hired three independent appraisers. Two of these were master appraisers, widely known and respected throughout the Southeast. The third was a real estate agent from Aiken County. All three agreed that the owner of the Thurmond-Simons tract had been putting their property to the highest and best use—i.e., growing trees. The highest of the three appraisals, including land, damages and standing timber, was \$5.92 an acre. The lowest was \$5.30.

Although Thurmond's name was repeatedly invoked during the right-of-way proceedings, the senator himself remained pretty much in the background, leaving most of the negotiating to Federal Judge Simons. The judge is a familiar and respected figure around the state. Although his base court is Charleston, where he has a residence, his home is in Aiken and he and the three other South Carolina federal district judges sit in various courts around the state. A large-boned, bespectacled man of 53, he exudes fitness and energy. When he drops the senator's name in business dealings, he does so with authority, for he carries the Thurmond stamp.

Judge Simons at first offered to give the 66 acres to the state in exchange for the placement of an interchange at the point where the dirt road through their property crossed the Interstate right-of-way. This the state refused; no interchange was needed there. There would be one with U.S. 1 five miles to the west of the Thurmond-Simons overpass, another five miles to the east at the juncture with State Highway 39. Then Judge Simons and the senator advanced the position that their acreage was a prime industrial site, made suitable for heavy wet industry by the presence of the narrow South Fork of the Edisto River and a tributary creek known at various times of the year as McTier Creek or McTier Gully.

To support their judgment, Thurmond and Simons produced three experts of their own.

One of these was Buck Michel, president of the Daniel Construction Company of Greenville, S.C. The company's founder, the late Charles E. Daniel, had resigned his interim appointment as U.S. senator so that his good friend Strom Thurmond could claim seniority among the nine freshmen in the Senate "class of '64."

Another was a close personal friend of Judge

Simons named Stathy J. Verenes, an Aiken beer distributor who is a member of the South Carolina Development Board and an ex-member of the Aiken County Planning and Development Commission.

The third expert, also an ex-member of the county's planning and development commission, was William B. Byrd, an entrepreneur from North Augusta, S.C. As partners during Thurmond's first term in the Senate, Simons and Byrd had built a number of post offices throughout the state for rents to the federal government. This took place before Simons became a judge. Records in the regional office of the Post Office Department in Atlanta show that Judge Simons is still owner of post offices at Estill, Beaufort and Lynm, half owner of the post office at Langley, and that he still collects rent for all four from the government.

Thurmond and Simons finally turned down the state's offer of \$200 an acre for their property. Then their experts submitted statements to the effect that the land was worth between \$500 and \$550 an acre.

### In South Carolina, Judge Simons carries the senator's proxy

At this point, the state began a succession of legal moves whose end result, in the light of its initial position, was strange indeed.

Seeking local counsel in the Thurmond-Simons case, the state discovered that most Aiken County lawyers were either engaged. The man finally retained was the Aiken municipal judge, Marion L. Powell. Powell set about to pursue his client, the state, of the homelessness of its case. In a lengthy letter to Attorney General Daniel R. McLeod, in January 1968, Attorney Powell argued that the deck was stacked, that Thurmond witnesses Verenes and Byrd were so highly thought of in Aiken County that "the state will have to proceed with 'gloved hands' in its examination."

Because of a fear of alienating friends on the jury, "in the case of Verenes, no one appears to have questioned the propriety of a state official appearing as an expert witness against the state," he wrote.

Attorney Powell also voiced his concern for the impressive reputation and influence of the landowners' attorneys, Benjamin Surasky and John H. Williams, and as for the landowners themselves he wrote:

"Judge Simons was a member of the state House of Representatives for many years and led the ticket in every contested election in which he was a candidate."

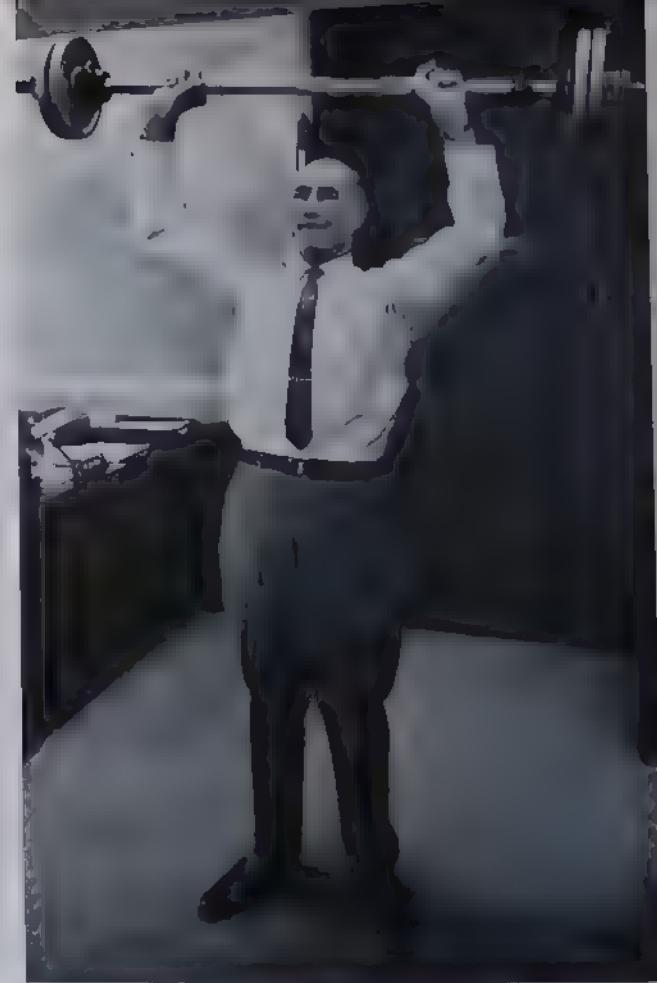
"Senator Thurmond is extremely popular in the county and the last several elections have proved his strength to an increasing extent."

Powell concluded his alarum with a hypothetical breakdown of a prospective jury panel. Ten or more, he calculated, would be former clients of either Surasky, Williams, Simons or Thurmond, and it "would be difficult to approximate the number that would have been political friends of one or another of these men."

CONTINUED



U.S. District Judge Charles E. Simons Jr. strides away from his handsome home in Aiken, S.C. He and Thurmond used to be partners in a law practice there.



Senator Thurmond, a physical fitness nut, presses a 55-pound barbell in his office (above). Photo at right shows him last December leaving church with his 22-year-old bride, the former Miss South Carolina Nancy Janice Moore. "I prefer the smell of perfume to the smell of incense," he is fond of telling friends.



but the odds certainly would be better for the defendants than the state."

Powell estimated that a jury verdict could ultimately award Thurmond and Simons as much as \$120,000. Accordingly, he wrote, he felt very fortunate to have obtained the agreement of the defendants to a settlement of \$50,000 for the 66 acres—more than \$750 an acre, or \$200 an acre more than the evaluation of Thurmond's and Simons' own experts. For his advice and connected services, the state paid Powell a fee of \$5,000.

Cons need of the awkwardness of its situation, the highway department thereupon sought the approval of the U.S. Bureau of Roads for the \$50,000 settlement. The bureau, which pays 90% of the cost of interstate highways, flatly refused.

While all this was going on, the owners of property adjacent to the Thurmond-Simons tract were being offered and were accepting \$200 an acre for condemned right-of-way. A Negro family whose land lay immediately to the east of the Thurmond-Simons property was in fact told by a highway department representative they had no choice but to take the \$200. Across the river to the west, in long-time Aiken resident and lawnmower took \$200 an acre for his riverfrontage which was very similar to the Thurmond-Simons property. He told Litz he felt he got a fair price. He characterized the South Edisto at that point as "a swamp . . . I suppose [the bottom land] would grow a big tree if you waited a hundred years. To think of it as industrial property is rather far-fetched."

Adjacent to this man's land on the west, a 100-acre tract belonging to the Carol Woods Corporation, one of the largest landowners in South Carolina, was cut in two and destroyed for any practical company use by the right-of-way. The award in this instance, for right-of-way and damages, was \$250 an acre. An officer of the firm told Litz, he was well aware that his most famous neighbors had received substantially more, and philosophically observed of Thurmond: "He's a pistol, isn't he?"

### This state has been thurmondized as well as simonized'

The state's appraisers were called upon again, this time for depositors by the defense. They said the site was in no way suitable as industrial property. As a matter of fact they added this land would be enhanced with the advent of the new highway.

An expert on industrial water needs was prepared to testify that the Thurmond-Simons property was unsuitable for heavy wet industry. More than a dozen experts on industrial location requirements had refused to testify on learning the identities of the defendants.

A little more than a year before this land was condemned, Judge Simons, also on the advice of beer distributor Verner, sold 480 acres, located five miles downriver, to the Kimberly

## How to 'oppose' a friend into office

The nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. to the Supreme Court, though hailed as a Thurmond "defeat," offers, in fact, a fascinating example of Thurmond's power and his ability, with the help of White House aide Harry Dent, to mask his moves while getting exactly what he wants.

Haynsworth, whose nomination is scheduled for Senate consideration this week, was recommended last May by Ernest F. Hollings, the junior senator from South Carolina, a Democrat. Some weeks later, Senator Thurmond proposed instead another home-state federal judge Donald S. Russell.

To the uninitiated, it might have appeared that the senators had got their nominations mixed. Thurmond's nominee, a former governor and senator, is much more moderate than Thurmond

and is a Democrat as well. The two are not friends. Judge Haynsworth, on the other hand, while being the nominee of Hollings, is a close personal friend of Thurmond's and bolted with him to the Republican party, supporting Goldwater in 1964 and Nixon in 1968.

Thurmond's advocacy of Russell is therefore considered by most knowing observers as a pure feint. Haynsworth, having been proposed by a Democratic senator and supposedly lacking Thurmond's blessing, thus became more acceptable to the Democratic Senate majority and to Republican moderates. And Richard Nixon could make another South Carolina appointment without appearing to be obliging Strom Thurmond. The senator, his "own" candidate now forgotten, has made it clear that he is delighted with the result.

Clark Corporation. This property, much more suitable for industry because it is bordered by two state highways, brought Judge Simons \$103,824 an acre.)

About five days before the condemned-on-case was scheduled to go to trial, settlement was reached calling for \$492 an acre, or a total of \$32,500. A perfunctory trial was held, at which Judge Simons briefly testified, and then the jury was directed to bring in a verdict in line with the settlement reached between the state and the landowners.

Attorney General McLeod and his assistant who handled the case, J. C. Coleman, do not deny that the state paid considerably more than the property was worth. In an interview with Litz they voiced no doubt that the industry's site claim was invalid, but said they felt there was a danger with these landowners that the jury would "go haywire." In other words, don't fight Strom Thurmond and Charles Simons in South Carolina, particularly Aiken.

"Assessing everything as well as we can, we felt \$32,500 was the best settlement we could make," they bluntly conceded.

When Litz reporters went over the Thurmond-Simons tract with an independent realty appraiser, he commented glumly as he looked over a stand of scrub timber, "This land is mainly good just for holding the earth together." Another appraiser, after learning what the senator and the judge had received for the acre, vowed that "this state has been Thurmondized as well as simonized."

The Aiken County right-of-way settlement was as tightly kept as a family secret. The entire case file, which is legally a public document, at one point disappeared from the Aiken County clerk's office in direct violation of the law, and no one seemed to know where it had gone. When a Litz reporter returned a few days later, the file was back where it belonged,

new bridge location—this one vastly longer and costlier than the first proposed span. The new right-of-way, now approved by the U.S. Bureau of Roads, picks the corner of Senator Thurmond's recently acquired property. That portion of the senator's land not affected by the right-of-way, though hardly suitable as a homesite, will be immediately adjacent to an interchange. It cannot be stated that Thurmond has foreknowledge of or control over the second approved bridge site. Yet his purchase of the land could yield him as much as \$65,000 for the untouched and commercially desirable remnants of his property.

An interview with Senator Thurmond was scheduled for the afternoon of Aug. 29 in Columbia. The Litz reporters arrived at the senator's offices to be met by the senator, and by Judge Simons, two of the senator's staff assistants, Attorneys Surasky and Williams from Aiken and a court stenographer. Judge Simons quickly informed the reporters that the stenographer would take complete notes on the session, and that it would be tape-recorded as well. Two microphones were on view on the senator's desk, and a light on the phone switchboard indicated that a line was open during the entire interview.

Senator Thurmond began by stating three points: 1) that he had nothing to hide; 2) that he would answer any questions and 3) that he wanted Litz to "stick to the facts" and not distract them.

He then described himself as a man who has learned over backward to prevent any possible conflict of interest. "I resigned every connection that I had of any kind of any business nature," the senator said. "I don't have any connection of any kind where there is any influence to be."

When asked about the real estate partnership in Aiken County, he was asked? That land, said

Senator Thurmond, dated back to 1953, and he had let Judge Simons handle it for the most part because he, Thurmond, was busy in Washington. However, he showed a thorough knowledge of the condemnation case. "I think frankly I was worth over \$50,000," said Thurmond. "The reason I agreed to go along with this [settlement] . . . was simply because of the positions we held with the public, and we just didn't want to go into court if we could avoid it."

Judge Simons interjected: "Having the facts and the testimony that we had, if I had not been a judge and Senator Thurmond had not been involved, I would not have settled for what we settled for." Judge Simons said he thought the jury would have awarded a minimum of \$75,000.

The interview turned briefly to the senator's riverbank land purchase near West Columbia.

"I hoped to build a home on there someday," he said. "I thought I might wish to retire there. Now, if this road runs through there and touches a corner, I would destroy the property as a homesite. I have expressed the hope to the highway department that they would not have to run it through there, but they do have to have the property, so I would expect is the money I put in it, plus interest."

**I don't have any connection where there's any influence to bear'**

and the checks don't bounces. And in most states, including South Carolina, post office leases are as political as postmasterships.

Asked if he saw any conflict in a federal judge leasing post offices to the federal government, Simons replied that frankly he had never thought about it. "As a federal judge, I'm still an individual," he began. "This is something that was done before I became a federal judge. I don't see why my ownership of a post office would have anything to do with my ability to perform as a judge."

During this exchange, Senator Thurmond, slightly upset, interrupted to say: "I didn't know he [Judge Simons] had any leases on post offices."

The possibility of conflict of interest seemed to have occurred to the senator. The Post Office Department is frequently in federal court on both criminal and civil matters. It appears at least questionable that a plaintiff should plead any case before one of the defendant's landlords, or vice versa.

The amounts of money represented in these real estate transactions involving Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons are not, in a dollar-and-cent context, large. But the significance of Thurmond's real estate transactions is not lost on the White House, which has a great deal staked on the integrity and reputation of this most influential senator. Upon hearing of Litz's investigation, Presidential Counsel John E. Richman immediately began his own inquiry.

One consideration is particularly urgent. Assuming Judge Haynsworth's confirmation to the Supreme Court, the most important judicial appointment facing President Nixon will be Haynsworth's replacement as a judge of the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

The man generally conceded to have the inside track is Charles E. Simons Jr.

At a congressional reception last March, the senior senator from South Carolina was warmly greeted by President and Mrs. Nixon.



## The ground rules for 'national communism'

The Eastern world was preoccupied last week with the departure from power of one by death, the other in official disgrace, of two practitioners of "national communism." The theory that national independence can be achieved or maintained in the Communist system was practiced by Ho Chi Minh over half a century. Czechoslovak Alexander Dubcek, in eight short months, it practice, in version m-68. The contrast between the two fates promises a useful occasion to evaluate the opportunities and limits of national independence in the Communist world.

Dropping all other issues, Prime Minister Černý and Kosygin of Russia rushed to Moscow to condemn each other in three fraternal and reverent obsequies to Gorbachev. In Prague, by contrast, Gorbachev was overseeing a purge of "old" those responsible for gross violations of party line. True to the tradition of socialism see above, a Soviet-controlled overtiring of party posts down the "agitated" ring of spectrum from extremist adventurers set the stage for Dubcek to be relieved of his remaining party posts and possibly put on trial.

Throughout most of his long career, President Ho was an "international" Communist as well as a Vietnamese patriot. Indeed, at the Geneva Conference in 1954 some felt he put Soviet interests in case of a partition in accepting a partition of Vietnam. In more recent years, he focused increasingly on Vietnamese interests, which lately never fundamentally conflicted with those of the régime Communists powers. He was also able skillfully to exploit the Sino-Soviet schism, aiming to get what he wanted from both sides. He held him in a firm press conference, the Communists partners on the other side, Braden or Kosygin.

In Dubcek's case, the opportunities for national communism were never so broad. The interplay between Soviet and East European power was a topic too great for the Kremlin to leave the other way. He thought that the Czechs should be longing for independence. He concluded with a more lenient communism, and hoped that Moscow would see it in this way. What finally brought Soviet tanks onto the streets of Prague was that Dubcek, unlike Ho, did nothing at all in introducing democracy to the workings of his state, an ex-

ample which could have threatened the existence of the Soviet system itself.

In their different ways, Ho and Dubcek were able to command a sense of national spirit, particularly among youth, not used to be easy in second-rate Czechoslovakia. That should prove, if proof is still necessary, the extreme revision of a "national" won't communism. Leaders like Ho or Dubcek are no longer conceivable, but in fact, surprisingly, Gorbachev, Černý, the Communists worldwide, Fidel Castro, and most recently Genghis Khan, remain politically successful practitioners of some "communism."

It would be early to conclude whether communism is truly capable of growing durable leadership in the era of Gorbachev and Černý. In Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh's heirs cannot easily be demonstrated without the political present. In China, Mao Tse-Tung is still the authority. In Czechoslovakia, Rostislav Miklashevsky gave a ringing negative verdict on the viability of national communism. Let me contrast to the Sovietizing of the 1956 Hungarian revolution. Soviet intervention prolonged socialist acceptance of the Hungarian parties. The ground rules for a good deal of national communism seem to require at least two conditions: a leader prepared to resist pressure, and a population to

## The coherence gap

For a bigtime Wall Street lawyer who prides himself clarity of presentation and dealness with facts, Bernard Meltzer Nixon has come a rather implausible job of imparting those qualities to his Administration. On key issues, though, Nixon appointees have been talking out of memory, rules of thumb, maxims that the Adminstration seems to be replacing the Coercive Gap of the LBJ era with a Coherence Gap of its own.

The Adminstration's major intramural match (though hardly the only game in town) is the traditional clash over nation

al security. As the 1969 season began a small Congressional arose over whether the U.S. is seeking "secretly" steadily sufficient to end the nuclear arms race with Russia. Reassuringly, Defense Secretary Mel Laird eventually accepted the President's word that sufficiency would suffice, and went on from there to the ABM debate. While Laird flatly insisted "there is no question" that Russia was building a nuclear first-strike capability against America, Secretary of State William Rogers maintained that "I have absolutely no belief" in it. The next time Laird and Rogers dined out on intelligence reports, the subject was a leasehold in Communist China to South Vietnam which struck the State Department as "significant" and the Pentagon as "not significant." Finally, Laird and Rogers managed to meet in White House plans for an August announcement of a 35,000-man Vietnam U.S. troop withdrawal. Only President Nixon unexpectedly decided not to have any announcement at all, until after his return to Washington.

Domestic pronouncements have been equally perplexing. Attorney General John Mitchell and HEW Secretary Robert Finch, of course, have aired their differences over the Adminstration's now you see it now you don't civil rights pro-

gram. When White House Urbanologist Pitt Moyle wrote off prospects for a historic legacy "peace dividend" at the end of the Vietnam war as "elusive as the morning clouds," White House Counsel Arthur Burns countered that there would indeed be a peace dividend amounting to no less than \$8 billion.

And so it goes. Chief Economic Adviser Pat McCrane says Adminstration measures are beginning to kick inflation. Assistant Commerce Secretary William Charnier predicts that inflation is not likely to be the Administration's A. White House spokesman says the antihunger Food Stamp program will be retained as part of welfare reform; Vice President's adviser on nutrition says it won't. President Nixon proposes a tax-reform measure that would affect tax-exempt bonds. Vice President Agnew feels it will adversely affect municipal bond sales and privately urges state and local officials to oppose it.

There was great cheer in Nixon's campaign pledge that the Adminstration would maintain "a can of dialogue with the people" - but this is hardly it. The Adminstration seems to be not only making no signals but erasing them. Now that President Nixon has returned to White House East, we trust he will insist on clearer signals all around.

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Cars that are something to believe in.

The Electra 225 (on the left) is one of the great new cars from Buick.  
It has a new 455 cubic-inch, 370 horsepower engine.

It has an improved three-speed automatic transmission that performs  
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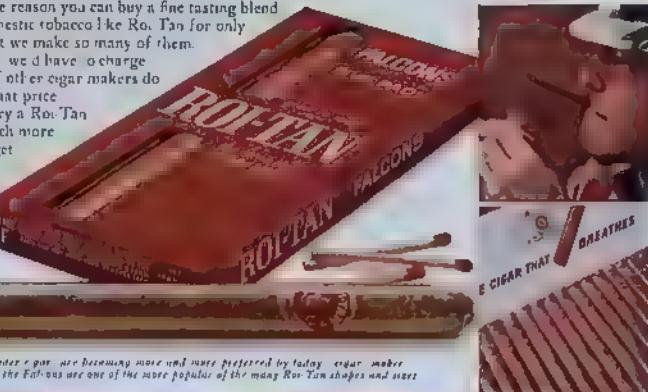
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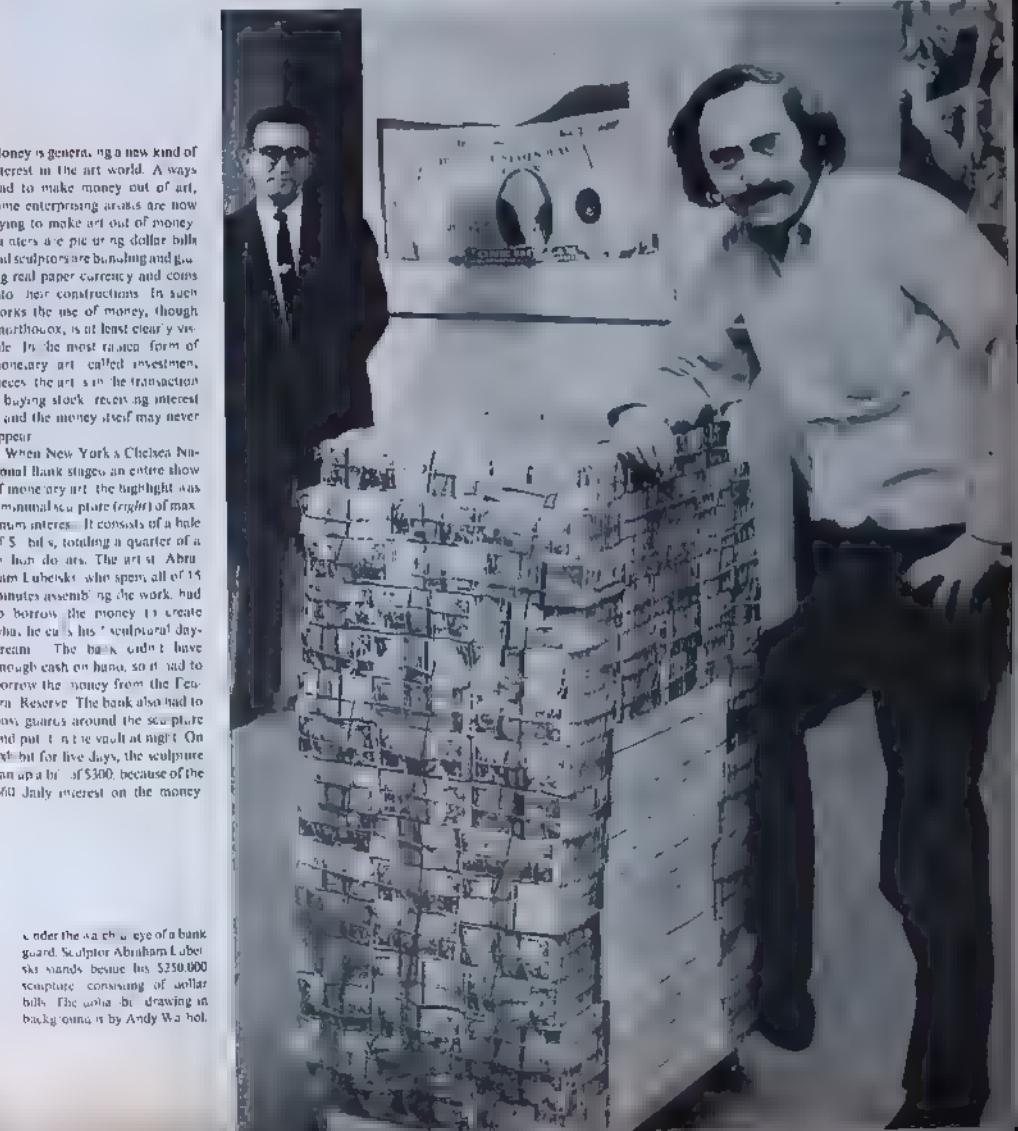
## A CREATIVE INTEREST IN CASH

# ART YOU CAN BANK ON

Money is generating a new kind of interest in the art world. Aways glad to make money out of art, some enterprising artists are now trying to make art out of money. Painters are pinning dollar bills and sculptors are bending and gluing real paper currency and coins into their constructions. In such works the use of money, though unorthodox, is at least clearly visible. In its most radical form of monetary art called investment pieces the art is in the transaction—buying stock, receiving interest—and the money itself may never appear.

When New York's Chelsea National Bank staged an entire show of monetay art, the highlight was a minimalist piece (right) of maximum interest. It consists of a hole of \$1 bills, totaling a quarter of a million dollars. The artist, Abram Lubelski, who spent all of 15 minutes assembling the work, had to borrow the money to create what he calls his "sculptural day-dream." The bank didn't have enough cash on hand, so it had to borrow the money from the Federal Reserve. The bank also had to post guards around the sculpture and put it in the vault at night. On exhibit for five days, the sculpture ran up a bill of \$300, because of the \$60 daily interest on the money.

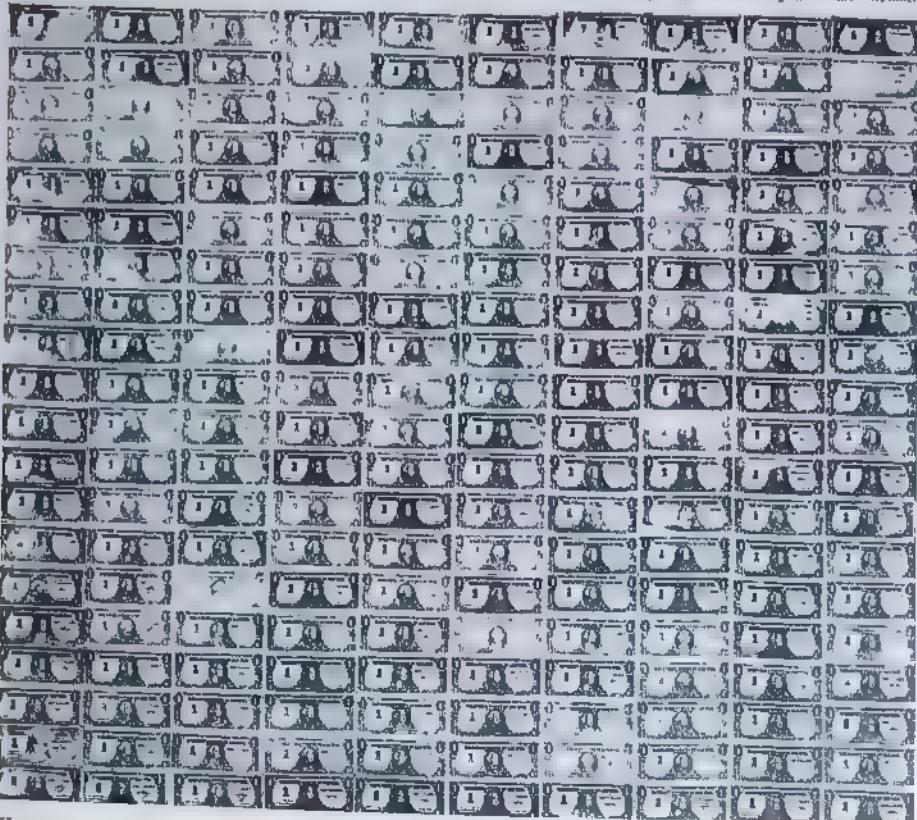
Under the watchful eye of a bank guard, Sculptor Abram Lubelski stands beside his \$250,000 sculpture consisting of dollar bills. The abstract drawing in background is by Andy Warhol.



## **MONEY-MINDED**



New York Sculptor Robert Morris had money on his mind back in 1963 when he purchased a plastic replica of the human brain and covered it with eight geriatric drugs, but



Pope Rooney was a favorite subject of some American painters as early as the 1820s. William M. Hunt called this painting which he did in 1877 *With Life Five Dollars*.

In 1962 Andy Warhol's painting *Dollar Bills* was snatched up by pop art collector Robert C. Scull at its face value - \$200. Warhol thought he was making money by exchanging hundred-dollar bills for real ones. Today the painting is valued at \$20,000, yielding Scull a \$0,000 gain in his investment.

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ARMONI, a French artist, embossed dozens of real one-hundred-dollar bills in a slab of clear plastic to create this 27-inch-high *Money Piece*. It is a replica of an earlier piece that was smashed by thieves who discovered to their dismay they could not extract the bills.

Sculptor Dennis Oppenheim (*below, center*), collected one day's litter from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, then transplanted the four tons of paper to a midtown rooftop for a one-day exhibit. He now contends that "money is a root of art."

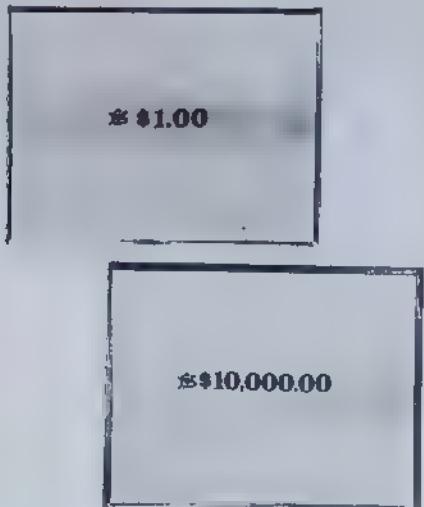


Edward Kienholz's watercolors, each signed w/ his thumbprint, are traded for the amount of money stamped on the face of the work. The most expensive watercolor sold thus far was the one inscribed \$1,000. Kienholz says the \$1 and \$10,000 pieces must be purchased together.

## IT'S ONLY PAPER



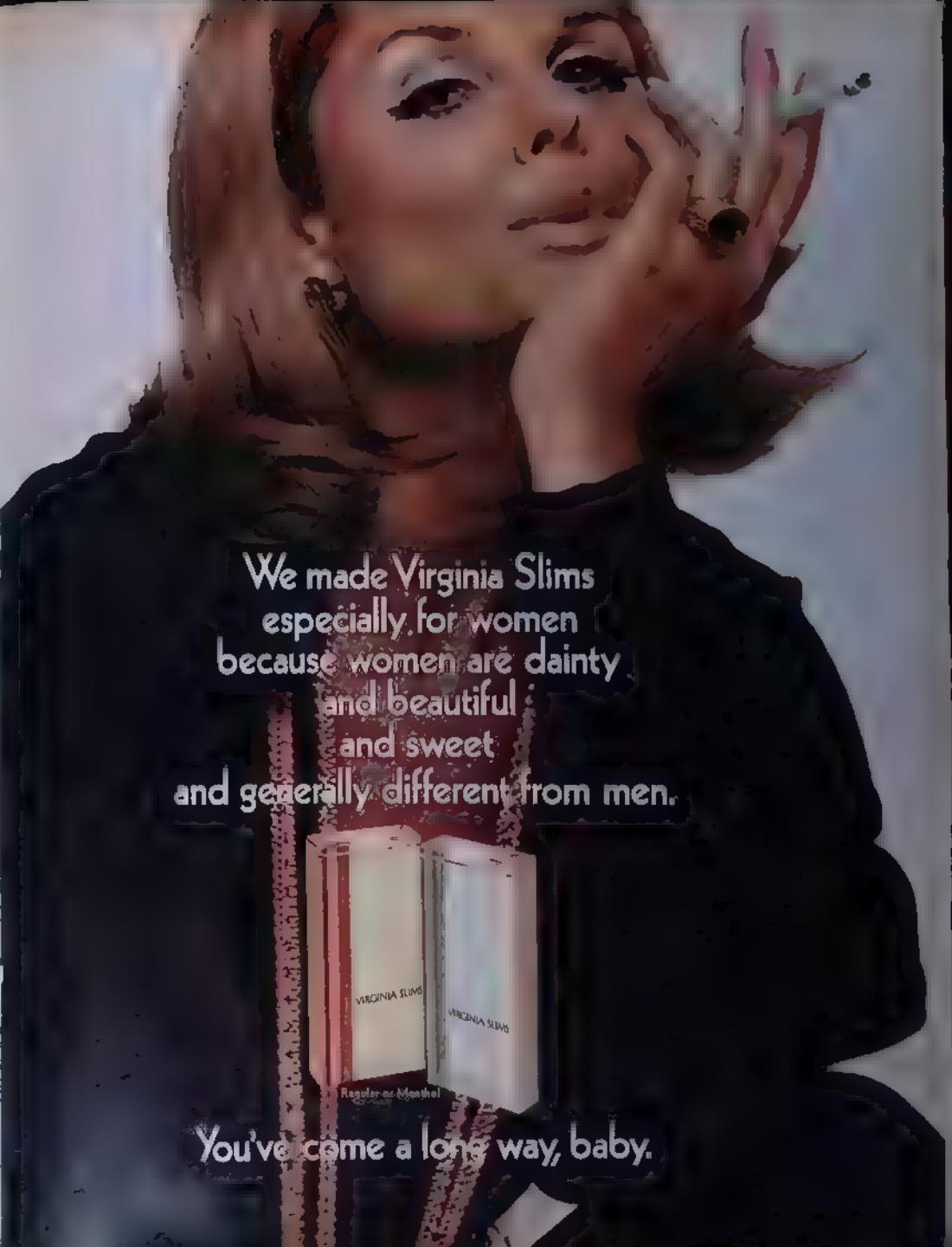
In this collage by New York Artist Ray Johnson, a magazine photograph of Twiggy is adorned w/ a dollar bill headband. Johnson embellished the bit w/ crayon and turned the mode's running mascara into borts (a pun on the paper wress), Johnson explains.



CONTINUED

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## ARCTIC CAT '70



## PROPHETS WITH CAPITAL IDEAS

The most enterprising prophet of monetary art is Edward Kienholz. By producing a series of watercolors in which the sale price is the asking price, he, in effect, issues his own currency. His series is an iron comment on much of current art, such as investment pieces, in which the den are more important than the form (which may not have a physical existence at all). It also mocks the practice of collecting art as an investment and at the same time enables both the collector and Kienholz to turn a tidy profit.

Kienholz, who was already commanding hefty prices for his room-sized tableaux—such as *The Beaniery*, a walk-in replica of a seedy Los Angeles saloon—knew that collectors would scramble to acquire his low-numbered water colors. They were indeed bargain, because the art market dictates that the highest sum paid for a work usually establishes the value for works by the same artist that are similar in size, concept, media and period. Thus, if a collector buys at face value the \$1 and \$2,000 pieces, which Kienholz initials are bought together, he will have set a \$10,000 price level for each work and doubled his money.

"All I'm doing is creating a situation where human greed comes out," says Kienholz. "I'm really the loser anyway, since what I get in return is depreciation, while the value of the work goes up." In fact, Kienholz shrewdly forced collectors to sign a highly unorthodox and potentially lucrative—purchase agreement. It guarantees to the artist and his heirs a 15% share of profit from any resale or lease of the work.

The first investment piece was created up by the master of Dada, Marcel Duchamp. In 1924 he formed a one-man company to underworld clientele gambling at Monte Carlo. To raise capital, he issued 30 bonds priced at 500 francs each and promised 20% interest to investors. The sale of only two bonds enabled him to get to Monte Carlo, where he played the tables for nearly a month and managed to break even.

In the late 1950s another French artist, Yves Klein, created a type

of investment piece which he called "immaterials." A collector would buy the work directly from Klein. In one case it was a roomful of nothing except a chair, the artist's "presence." After issuing a receipt for the money (or gold, which he sometimes insisted on), Klein would seal off the proceeds from a plane or boat. Then, so that the artist and owner each had nothing but the pure art experience, the collector would complete the piece by burning the receipt.

Last March, Artist Les Levine shelled out \$2,375 to purchase 500 shares of a volatile over-the-counter stock. After one year, he will sell the shares and declare the profit or loss to be the work of art. "I ordered for the piece to work," he explains. "There has to be reasonable opportunity for loss or profit. It wouldn't work with IBM or AT&T—it just wouldn't have any point."

For a recent show at the Whitney Museum, Robert Morris devised an investment piece of far more interest. He submitted a typewritten sheet proposing that the museum acquire \$100,000 by obtaining a loan against its art collection or real estate holdings, then invest the sum for the duration of the exhibition. He stipulated that any profit would be divided between himself and the museum (he did not take any responsibility for loss). If a collector wanted to acquire the piece, he could do so at \$10,000 loan and agree to pay Morris half of the income from the investment.

The Whitney Museum was understandably reluctant to mortgage its collection or to engage in speculative investments. To oblige Morris, however, the museum borrowed \$50,000 from Howard W. Lipman, an art-collecting investment broker and a Terre, to pay him 5% interest during the 48 days of the exhibit. The money was deposited in the museum's account at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

The day after the show ended, Morgan Guaranty sent the museum a check for interest totaling \$328.77. Since this was the exact amount the Whitney owed Lipman for the use of his money, the only gain or loss was an aesthetic one.

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**Beef Stroganoff**  
Sauté 2 lbs. finely minced onions in 2 lbs. butter or margarine. Add 1 lb. sirloin steak, cut in strips  $\frac{1}{4}$ " x  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Brown well on all sides. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of finely sliced mushrooms and cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until tender. Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour cream and heat through but do not boil. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Makes 3 servings.

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It's a station any town can be proud of. And New Canaan is. But it wasn't always so.

When Shell first proposed to build a station on this lovely

New Canaan, Connecticut, a tree grows in a Shell Service Station.

To cut several. Which makes it look more like a park than a typical service station.

If you stand in the center of the station and look upward, you see sun filtering through leaves.

On the asphalt little green maple seedlings - the things

## a service station lovely as a tree.

wonderful, too. Townspeople were up in arms.

"Tear down all those beautiful trees, and what place grass, chrome and concrete?"

They imagined something completely at odds with the location and the reason I inspired community.

But Shell engineers and arch tects quashed their fears. And convinced the community that they could spare the trees, and

build a station that would be a credit to the community, and blend in beaut fully with the location.

You see the results.

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Shell, a big oil company, swayed by a tree.

It's sort of poetic, isn't it?



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Deep in thought, Dr. James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, strolled often along the beaches near his home in Santa Barbara, Calif. He went there in 1966 as a "worker bishop," leaving his post as bishop after his 22-year-old son, James Jr., had shot himself in a New York hotel. Pike was reared a Catholic and for a while studied for the Catholic priesthood. He switched to law, became a government attorney, then started anew as an Episcopalian. This year he left the Episcopal Church, which had almost tried him for heresy, dying as a sick, even dying, insatiable. He and his new wife began work on a book exploring the origins of Christianity in the wilderness near Bethlehem, researching a book about Christ's life he lost his way and died after a fall from a cliff he tried to climb.

## Man of Faith, Child of Doubt

by JOHN COGLEY

The death of James A. Pike was extravagantly rich in symbolism—almost absurdly so. A screenwriter who devised such an end would be charged with theatrical excess, as Jim Pike himself often was during his years of fame. But life wrote the Pike script, and there's nothing to do now but accept the fact that here was a vibrant man, of perhaps no more than middling intellectual gifts, who had nature, history and fate working for him. Together they produced an extraordinary human being whose impact on the world of ideas far exceeded what might have been expected of him—a

churchman who was neither scholar nor saint but the ordinary 20th Century Christian wrangle.

Bishop Pike, the title was never formally withdrawn by the church, even after he repudiated it, died as he lived: a religious believer who challenged the certainty of the agnostic; an agnostic who upset the complacency of the devout by his ceaseless questioning; a man of faith who was never quite sure about what he believed, a secular man for whom the world was never quite enough. In short, a puzzlement to all, even his friends.

There may be a Jim Pike hidden in every man. Most of us are part believers in our own immortality, part doubters about our own significance, part men



## Not an original thinker—an original man

CONTINUED

of faith part children of doubt. Bishop Pike became a towering figure in modern life for one reason above all others: he mirrored our weakness, our uncertainty, our desperate clinging to old beliefs and frightened acceptance of new realties. If at times he seemed almost clownish, it may have been because there was an absurdity in the ambiguity we all share. When he embarrassed us, it may have been because he dared to say in public what most of us are ashamed to think even in private.

for the believer, that one might be the victim of myth; for the agnostic, that one just might be culturing oneself off from words that truly exist.

The Bishop, though alienated from his church, lived and worked with a Christian ambivalence until the last. Look, then, at his walk through Christian eyes. When the end came, of all places in the Holy Land, where he had gone with his wife on a search for the "historical Jesus," he was wandering, lost, in the very wilderness the Messiah chose when he wanted to withdraw from the affairs of men. In his final hours, the man who last April broke with the organized church found himself going it alone in an unknown terrain cut off from human contact and wholly dependent on his own resources. He died finally of exhaustion, after a fall. And when they found his body, says Inter, it was in a kneeling posture. It was almost as if in death he was telling us—in the theatrical style which marked his career—that he had triumphed finally over the skeptic.

Jim Pike himself could not have imagined a more spectacular departure from this life and this is saying something, for he seemed to have no insatiable thirst for the burnulant. It is easy to believe that in the last earthly hours of Jim Pike the bizarre circumstances in which his life was coming to a close caught him by surprise.

Jim Pike himself could not have imagined a more

I can imagine him praying that the symbolic meaning of his lonely agony would not be lost on the world and that it would stand as the ultimate expression of a life devoted to asking, if not answering, the biggest questions of them all. Even in his misery Jim's realism would not have failed him. He must have known that he was making headlines throughout the world. The realization that he was getting so much attention at the very end, one can believe, could have assuaged the misery.

Bishop Pike was at once the master and the victim of modern publicity techniques. He went about using the n the way he did everything else, with candor, startling directness, and disarmingly simplicity. No Hollywood starlet cooperated more readily with reporters and cameramen. No Madison Avenue professional was more adept at packaging a product than he, whether he was selling Jesus-the-freedom-fighter, peace in Vietnam or, his last entree, sex, psychic research. He knew every trick in the big book he used them all impertinently—the favorite phrase ("fewer kids, more belief"), the stirring analogy (the rhythm method of birth control, "Asian roulette"), the irreverent formulation (Muslims have one God and three wives, Christians have three Gods and one wife).

The press, for its part, generally cooperated obediently, reporting his latest reworking of an obscure theologian's findings as if it had just been handed down to him from Mount Sinai, spreading his less-than-original theological insights and conventional doctrinal doubts before millions of readers as if they were the fruits of his own extraordinary scholarship.

Jim Pike was not an original thinker. His strength as well as his weakness was this: he was an original man who, in his uncanny ability to make the seemingly look new, he could promote situations

CONTINUED

A California Stage in 1966, the year of his clash with the orthodoxies of his church, Pike demonstrated what one of them called his "near demagogic" speaking skills. Above: At left, his young wife Diane exhausted and broken by her own travail on the arduous break-down of the search for Pike. Her sister and brother-in-law praise him from the stands, aware of both the accusations and the enthusiastic search for him (right).



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Don't ever let a perfect day be marred by something as trifling as your monthly period. Keep Tampax tampons at hand. Millions of women in 106 countries do. They use more Tampax tampons than all other tampons combined.



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## In private he was still the Bishop

CONT'D

ethics as if he invented the idea. He could propound the new theology as if he had worked his way through it by immense intellectual effort. When he discovered psyche phenomena, it was as if it had never been heard of. In recent years he went about the study of Christian origins with the same air of fresh discovery, as if the scholars who have worked in this field for years were his research assistants. In earlier days, he was constantly credited with more scholarship, inventiveness, creativity and originality than he actually possessed. He was doomed, then, to be a disappointment to many who looked to him for what he could not give, if only because he was too busy for serious study or prolonged introspection. He finally gained a reputation for glibness and raw publicity-seeking. The result was that his most serious moves like his trumpeted exit from the institutional church were not taken very seriously. There had been too many controversies, the publicity lenses had become too frequent. If he knew this, he never acknowledged it but carried on as if his latest project would be the greatest breakthrough yet.

The public Pike, especially in his latter days, was very much a man of the world, agnostic, irrevocable anticlerical. But his private de-lays he remained the Bishop, full of pastoral concern, eager for eccliesis and gas & p. still looking through clerical eyes at the world he so rapturously embraced in public. His interest in church affairs never waned. He must have read a dozen denominational publications regularly and was always happy to discuss the latest developments in institutions' religion with anyone who had enough interest to talk about them with him. After his formal break with the church, one of his colleagues at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions where we worked together fell ill. Pike visited his friend in the hospital and in spite of all public denials of the Trinity and the self-laceration took the opportunity to anoint him with holy oils and pray over him "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." He acknowledged freely and frequently to his friends that he missed the grandeur of the old story, even as he enthusiastically endorsed—but of some sense of duty toward experimentation a la "Relevance"—the most far-out, new-style enthusiastic celebrations.

It always seemed to me that James Pike was happiest, and at his very best, when he was fulfilling some office proper to a priest or bishop. Cetero nly his past in the church was dear to him. He betrayed a nervous intensity about his restless free-spirited mirth that was not altogether convincing.

It may not be going too far to say that it was the church that made James A. Pike. Without it, he communicated a sense of being lost at times. At other times, it seemed that even though he had taken off the ring of office and had shed his clerical Roman collar for a tie, his Episcopal cross for a peace medallion, he brought the church with him wherever he went. His successor Bishop Kilmer Myers of San Francisco, said after his death that Pike would occupy a front rank among the great bishops of the Episcopal Church. For all the scandalous headlines he made in recent years, I think that's how we'll be remembered, as Bishop Pike. I think he would like it that way, too.



## SILVER LOVES



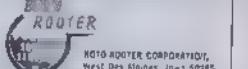
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# Vietnam: 'A Degree of Disillusion'

After a four-month wait, villagers from Phuoc Hoa in the Mekong Delta get reconstruction funds



Text and pictures by  
**LARRY BURROWS**

*Larry Burrows went to Vietnam early in 1962 and, with occasional breaks, has been covering the war there ever since. He was with South Vietnamese troops until 1964 and developed affection and sympathy for them, and for their war-shattered country. Since then he has been with American troops. This year he returned for a look at the people who seemed destined to inherit the war. This is his personal report, in words and pictures.*

**A**l over Vietnam you see the faces — more worn, bleached and more tired now than I have ever known them to be. Their eyes do not meet yours, because they are aware that they are dying, even today. Around them, wa ching. They are in, we muscle. The pressure on them is terrible and has existed for some 30 years.

I have been a rather chunk. As a British subject I could perhaps be more objective than Americans, but I generally accepted the news of the U.S. and Saigon, and the CIA's version of how things were going. This spring, impressed by government statistics showing that conditions were improving, I set out to do a story on the turn for the better. In the following three months I indeed found some cause for optimism — better training and equipment in the South Vietnamese army, more roads open and safe — but I also found a degree of disillusion and demoralization in the army and the population that surprised and shocked me. The story became an attempt to show — and explain — that feeling in the South Vietnamese, and why it is such an uphill battle to try to change it.

Two months ago the first small group of American troops was pulled out of the country. More will follow, and eventually the question will be whether or not the South Vietnamese can fight and survive on their own if there is no peace treaty. Whether they can will be partly a matter of loyalty to a government partly a matter of nationalism, partly a matter of plain endurance. On each score the prospects seem to me doubtful. The old woman at left, for example, is finally getting money to help rebuild a pacified area. She has waited for months to get it, and in the meantime someone in the government may very well have been lending it at 10% interest. Whatever gratitude she feels is clouded with cynicism and sapped by weariness. Many others like her simply no longer care. Perhaps the years of fighting have left them too dazed to believe in anything except the land on which they live.

# The only loyalty—to field and family



Tran Van Duoc, 51 (right), says he is a good card who governs Vietnam

Near Saigon, about 80 miles from Saigon, I met Tran Van Duoc. He and his family farm a half-acre of vegetables, which gives them a relatively good living. They are not soldiers—his wife goes daily to market. Two of their sons are in the military. I asked him what he felt about the peace talks. He shook his head. "What, did he think about the Americans helping his country?" "I don't think about it," he said. "What did he think about it?" "My fields, my crops, my family."

Tran Van Duoc is not selfish. He says it is just that his priorities are attuned to those things that he believes count. Yet the war constantly smashes families and makes less lucky men than Tran into refugees. At a training camp, I saw families and soldiers alike crying when they parted. Who is to care for the man's wife and children? If he's killed, the government will give his widow a year's pay (perhaps \$700) and that is all. I don't suppose a widow in North Vietnam gets much either.

At Phuoc, I met a woman who kept a shrine in memory of her husband. She gave me an American cigarette from those carefully arranged under his picture and told me how during the 1968 Tet offensive, Viet Cong agents came to the house at 3 a.m. and asked to talk to her husband and his brother. They went out, she and her children slivered in terror and down the long corridor came to the door, to say that both men had been horridly murdered. Now she eked out a living for her family by working for the Americans. When they leave she will be destitute, for she can expect little help from anybody.

Weeping, a South Vietnamese conscript and his family say goodbye at a training camp near Saigon



Ho Thi Van, 32, mourns for her husband, known by the V.C.





A woman weeps over the bundled remains of her husband, discovered in a mass grave near Hué.

## Morale and mass graves

I arrived at Hué in late April, just after they found the first of the mass graves, some 800 people burned under four feet of sand. The killings had happened during Tet—February 1968—when the enemy occupied Hué. Hundreds were rounded up—some officials, some military, some women, some children—and under the cover of darkness were taken into the countryside. Eventually, under the pretext of being moved to a "reeducation center," they were tied with bamboo strips or communications wire, marched to open graves and shot or clubbed to death. The people of Hué knew only that they had disappeared.

When the graves were discovered and opened more than a year later, after the area had been pacified, the bodies were no more than collections of bones held together by rotting cloth. The bodies were then wrapped in plastic sheets and laid out in rows. The people of Hué came in tears to seek their missing relatives. Jewelry and clothing made identification possible. In a few cases, the rest were put in wooden coffins (right) and buried again in a mass ceremony. When it was over the people walked back to their homes in stunned silence.

There is a limit to the resiliency of spirit of any people, no matter how strong. The Tet offensive, costly as it may have been to the enemy, demonstrated to many South Vietnamese that there is no place really safe from the V.C. True, large-scale attacks on the cities have now slackened off, in part because of much heavier U.S. and South Vietnamese troop concentrations on the perimeters. But the V.C. keep on making their point in other ways: in the first six months of this year there were 4,674 South Vietnamese civilians kidnapped, 200 more than in the last six months of 1968. Many of these were government officials, police and teachers. The recent drop in the level of ground fighting and surprise attacks has so far had little impact on the vi lagers. Tet may not have been repeated, but it is remembered. Of course the Vietcong, over on the other side, are known to fear the bombs of the unseen B-52s overhead. But it is also true that when darkness falls every local defense militiaman thinks about the V.C.'s seeming ability to go anywhere, and when he thinks about it enough or is frightened enough, he may be ready to make an accommodation. I asked a friend if he knew of a dedicated and honest village chief. "They are as rare as the autumn leaves," he said. There is no autumn in Vietnam.



Workers search for remains from a mass grave.



In plain pinewood coffins anonymous dead are reburied.



Sewer-pipe houses house refugees near Saigon's Central Market. Below: wealthier South Vietnamese watch flower show at Mekong



Motorcycle repairman Vo Dien Luu runs a shop

## The despair of the sewer-pipe dweller

He owned a motor-scooter shop in Hue, employed 10 people, made good money, got home every night and appeared to be able to spend as much time at his business as he chose. I found him fixing a bike and he told me that after three years in the army he had been transferred to the Revolutionary Development cadre near home where his responsibilities appeared minor. Such a transfer is not easily secured but just the same South Vietnam is full of such arrangements for those with money.

An ex road army cyclist now provides South Vietnam. Inequality exists in any war just as it does in peace, but it is never easy to accept great sacrifice cheerfully when you know that your neighbors with money are not required to sacrifice at all. Of course, graft is a way of life in most Oriental countries, but in a South Vietnam at war it seems more conspicuous, and more

dramatic. The disparity between those who have been hurt by the war and those who prosper is easy to see. Families live in concrete sewer pipes in Saigon (*left*) while 50 buildings, built originally as brothels, sit empty and crumbling in Pleiku. Waves of high South Vietnamese officers own a number of vice bars and brothels that cluster around military bases, and have interests in nightclubs where a Search may cost as much as a sewer-pipe dweller could earn in a week (or a South Vietnamese private in a day or two). Less than a mile from the sewer pipes are parking lots filled with rows of shiny motorbikes. They are worth about \$500 each, and although I recognize that they are useful and perhaps even necessary if people are to move to and from work in a modern city, I could not help being struck by the contrast they made with the terrible poverty around them.



Glistening motorcycles line a parking lot in downtown Saigon



Under attack, Vietnamese (middle) as one GI fires and another (foreground) loads

While a mounted gun covers the rear, the two Americans take

the jungle to their front

South Vietnamese soldiers finally begin to stir into action as an American hurls a grenade

"The Vietnamese waved and smiled as we roared by," writes Borrows—but there were 100 million on our part. The Americans were taking back their dead.

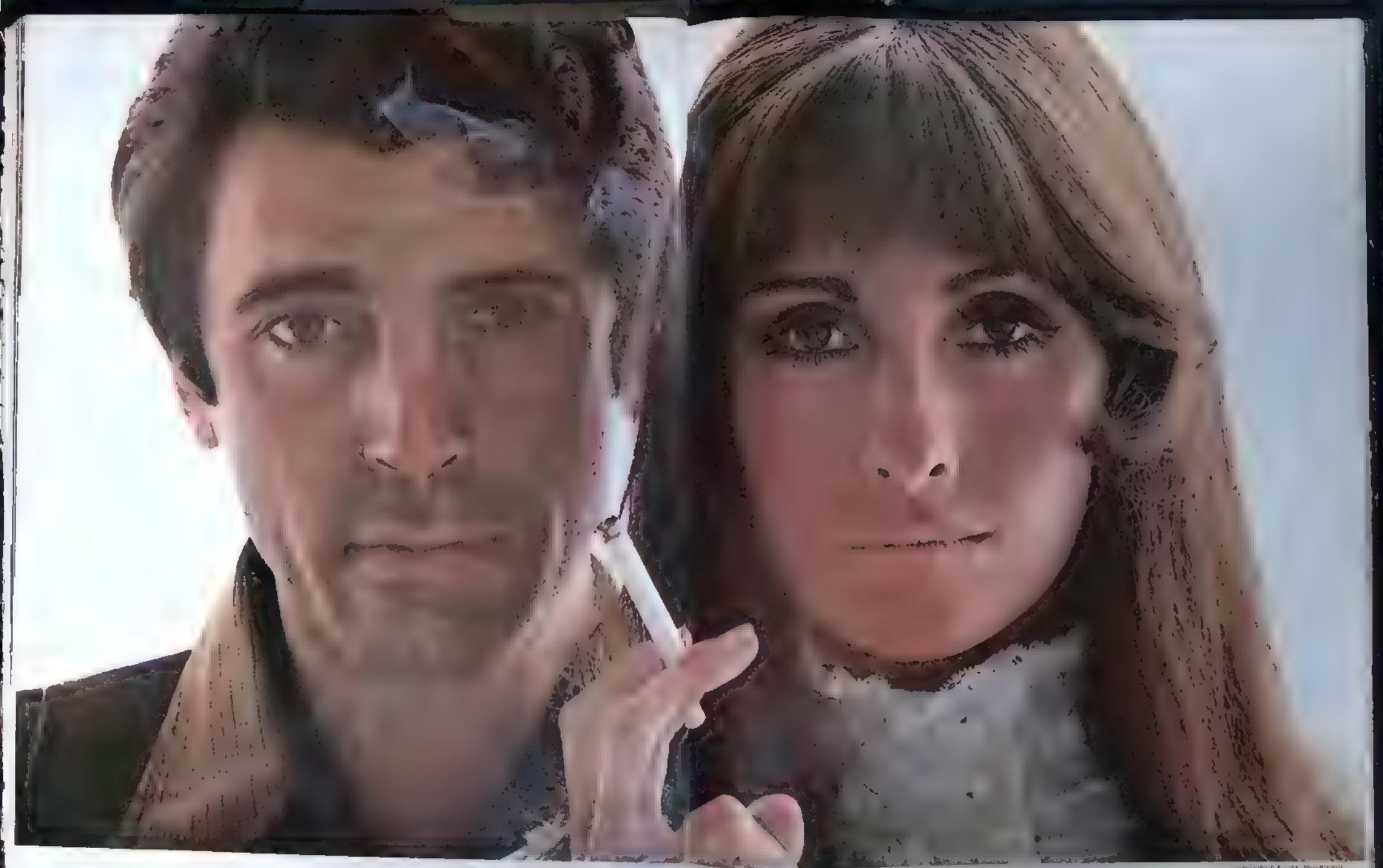
## A case of cowardice under fire

Near Dakto one morning the enemy ambushed a group of seven Americans and 25 South Vietnamese troops out clearing a road of mines. Two Americans and a South Vietnamese were killed; the Americans called for help and then saw with amazement that the South Vietnamese were running away under fire. A relief column set out immediately from Dakto and I was in the second vehicle.

Near the ambush point we saw the South Vietnamese troops huddled in a ditch. The trucks stopped. A helicopter dropped an American lieutenant colonel, before it could lift off, its copilot and observer had been hit. It lifted again and I moved onto the road, put my back against a truck and began recording the scene with my camera. An American soldier was firing savagely and a lad without a helmet moved to join him, but the South Vietnamese soldiers remained huddled, an inviting target, not firing. Then the bareheaded soldier stood up to fire a long burst before another American heaved a grenade. By this time a few of the South Vietnamese had entered the fight but most were still not firing. At last, after a third American had been killed, other troops came in to relieve us and we pulled out.

It was only one skirmish, too short and too fast to justify large generalizations about the morale and capabilities of South Vietnamese troops. But in the eyes of the American troops standing silently around the tailgate of the truck which brought the broken, bleeding bodies of their buddies back to Dakto, you could see what they felt. At that moment I was ready to agree.





There is a cigarette for the two of you L&M

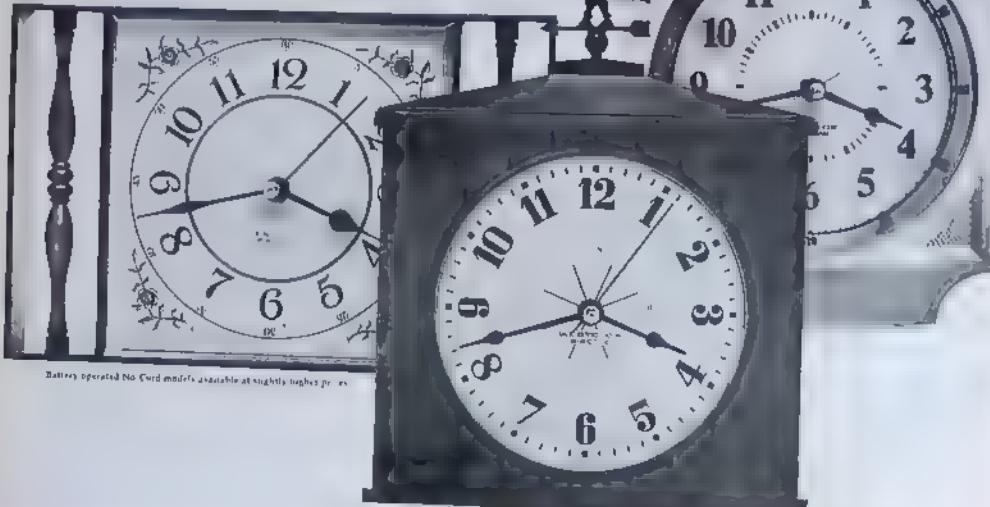
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Manager Billy Martin happily shows his team's standing

## A Little Love, and a Few Punches, Make a Team

by MYRON COPE

At the motel where the ball club is staying, one of the beds in my room is temporarily occupied this Thursday morning by Werner Dean Chance, an elongated Ohio farmer who has kicked off his shoes and flopped on his back. Werner Chance, who pitches for the Minnesota Twins, is known for his neuritic telephone lines, and now, first thing, he seizes the phone from the nightstand.

"Hello, Buzzie? Buzzie, this is Dean. Listen, get your tail over to Room 200, will ya? I got a reporter here that's doing a hellion story on the Twins and wants to talk to you."

"Ahhuh yah," Chance puts 2 inches behind his ear and the telephone, which bark ungratefully from the other end. And we sit tight, doozie is Dave Boswell, a pitcher of considerable notoriety since the night of Aug. 6 when he annoyed his teammate Bob Allison outside a Detroit hotel so bad he was kayoed in turn by Billy Martin, his lean little manager. There exist at least a dozen confused versions of the blow-by-blow detail, but suffice to say that the trouble arose from the fact that Boswell was stewing in Martin's cockpit for running fewer pregame laps than were expected of 'im. And in my case, the sounds of knuckles thumping aga in jawbones" nicely characterize the middle-of-the-night Mar-tale-style of the hard-hitting, hard-punching Twins as they took command of the American League's Western Division.

Now the Twins have checked into Oakland for a September series with the second-place Athletics. If they can win three of the four upcoming games, the Twins will leave the A's for dead. "Win it in late, Buzzie!" Chance is saying, "I'm telling you this reporter is all right. He ain't gonna ask you anything about the fight. No, one question. Now get over here."

Chance hangs up, sits silent, and says, "I'll tell you what I ask him. Oh Jesus! I'll give you some great questions. Ask him how his old man used to go to the sandlot games before Brazil pitched, with a goddamned shovel and a rake and sacks of dirt to make the mound perfect. Oh, God! Ask 'im about the wall-gators he kept in his bathtub. Hey cow! I'm giving you great questions. You ask 'im all that, and then ask 'im about the fight."

There is a knock at the door. Terrible-tempered Dave Boswell has arrived. I open the door to behold a tall young man whose hand some face is splashed by a silly grin. He is wearing a droopy-brimmed mountaineer hat, a sleeveless undershirt and pajama-like mod pants. He flops on the other bed.

"Old Buck?" he says, thoughtfully. "Yes, my daddy's my inspiration. He used to run me like a foal. Buck used to ride alongside while I ran about three miles on the road. It was that bad, I felt like I wanted to punch Buck in the nose. But one day, I got one of my mature feelings and said, 'Heh, they're trying to make something better out of me.'"

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"Well," I remark, "it seems to me I did hear somethin' recently about your not being exactly enthusiastic about running. But we won't go into that, will we?"

"Good."

Chance has another journalistic brainstorm: "Tell him," he pipes to Boozie. "Jesus, tell him about the two alligators."

"Well, see, I met a guy down in Florida named Foley Hooper and told him, 'I want some alligators. I wanna see if I can get 'em grown up.' So my wife and I kept 'em five months and got 'em grown good. Kept 'em in the bathtub, and when we wanted to take a bath we'd put 'em in aquariums. But I didn't

want them all squashed up in aquariums—I wanted 'em to move around. My wife finally said they had to go. Well, they were gettin' a little rough, and I couldn't file their teeth down cause they might take a little skin off when I had to pitch. We don't have any children, so we had got two alligators, three parakeets and I was lookin' at a minor-bird. But the parakeets wouldn't let me sleep, so I gave 'em to another ballplayer, whose sleep didn't worry me. Now all I got is a poodle. I don't like poodles, neither."

The Minnesota Twins are a thoroughly engaging collection of free spirits whom 41-year-old



The outstanding pitcher on the Twins is free spirit Dave Helewitz, above, but batting coach Billy Martin, at left, has had to rely mostly on speed and power hitting such as the game-winning home run by spry Cesar Tovar, below.



rookie manager Billy Martin has continued to infiltrate, literally, taking infield practice among them, bending an elbow alongside them, noisily rebuking them while hardly ever fining them, and all the while being ready to fight them man-to-man, provided he is not preoccupied exchanging harsh words with rival managers, umpires or the Twins' own front office. Martin has transformed a team that dawdled its way down to seventh place last year. "I had to stop the country-club atmosphere," he says. He harried cronies of players from the clubhouse. He went to work on second baseman Rod Carew (who, sulking, had gone AWOL for a time last year) and fashioned him into a demon base thief. Still, Twins will be Twins, and Billy, in addition to bombing them in street fights, has had to sprint into a hotel room at least once to break up a brawl between two roommates. Ron Perranoski, Billy's pudgy-faced bullpen treasure, says smiling brightly, "We do have a few egotistical individuals. I give no names. Just look around you."

"These kids," says Billy, "are like thoroughbreds. They're keyed up. I've played ball, I know what it's about. Listen, I think of a story I read or heard somewhere, about the owner of a ship who said to the ship's captain, 'I don't give a damn how many storms you encounter. Bring in the ship.'

So now it's a cold Thursday night at Oakland Coliseum, the first game of the big series, and Martin is trying to bring the ship through a gale. His shortstop, Leo Cárdenas, who has played remarkably well all year, is going to pieces tonight, hitting first one grounder then another. Into the eighth inning, the Twins are behind, 4-1, but they work two runs across, and then burly, slope-shouldered Harmon Killebrew steps to the plate with a man on base. He crashes a 3-and-2 pitch and, as the ball rockets 420 feet into the left-center-field bleachers to give Minnesota a 5-4 lead, Killebrew pauses at home plate to admire the hit 'll git, much as a barroom bouncer lingers at the door to say "mose" that he's comin' when he gets up from the pavement. (The next day Killebrew will smile sheepishly recollecting the scene and say, "Kinda bush, wasn't it?") Young, powerful Rich Reese, hitting after Killebrew, can feel the Oakland defense still quivering. He lays down a bunt and beats it out, which is pure Billy Martin baseball.

But in the ninth, Minnesota's fourth error enables Oakland to draw even. In the tenth the Twins load the bases, and center fielder Cesar Tovar, a cheerful Venezuelan who weighs all of 147 pounds with his religious medal around his neck, drives the ball into the left-field bleachers, his first big-league grand slam.

In his clubhouse office, Martin is mildly disturbed by victory. The four errors haunt him. "Well," he at last says, "that ground out there isn't in the best of condition . . . and I am not blasting the groundsmen."

The Twins now lead the Athletics by 7½ games, and the beauty of it is that for all practical purposes they can wrap up the division title right here on the East Bay, where Billy Martin came off the streets of West Berkeley to make a reputation as a scrappy outlier for



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On trips to Oakland, Billy always visits his mother in the house where he was born.

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**The minor-league Oakland Oaks.** As befits a dead-end kid who has risen to success, he goes off on Friday morning to visit his old Italian mother. En route, he explains that he is Portuguese on his father's side but that his mother will never admit it. With undisguised bitterness, he relates that his father deserted the family when he, Billy, was 8 months old. He says he had been christened Alfred Manuel Martin, but his maternal grandmother called him Billy, her colloquialism for cousin, and from that he became Billy. "Oaklanders love to make up nicknames," he explains. "My son, I call him Fidooki. He looks like a fido, to me, so I call him that. I don't know what a fidooki is, but he looks like one."

In the kitchen of the neat little frame house, one of whose upstairs rooms served as Billy's birthplace, he has coffee with his mother, a tiny, bright-eyed, handsome woman. "I listened to the game last night," she says, "and prayed for you." It was here that as a boy he helped make the wine by trampling grapes barefoot, and climbed the fruit trees in the little backyard. "I can remember being shot at by my own uncle," Billy says. "See, we used to raid our own fruit trees, and one day my uncle came out shooting. Next day he says, 'I almost got those I ate bastards yesterday!'"

**Friday night at the Coliseum,** Leo Cardenas inexplicably decides against relaying the ball to first base for a double play that would end the eighth inning, and instead tries to throw out the lead runner at third. His throw is wild, and as a result, the Athletics win, 5-4, and once again are breathing. The newspapermen find Martin sitting on a stool at his locker, his head buried in his hands. Respectfully, they back into a corridor to allow him time. Suddenly the metal door to his cubicle slams. Fifteen minutes pass. The door opens, Martin strides across the corridor into the players' quarters, and bellowes, "When you make a physical error, you're human! When you make a mental error, you oughtta be kicked in the ass!"

Leo Cardenas may be thinking that Billy certainly knows how to get to the bottom of a problem.

At any rate, it's a tough night all around.

In the motel bar afterward, I am ready to take on a tall stranger who, for no good cause, has said to me, "Tone it down, Shorty." As if from nowhere, a peacemaker appears and with impeccable diplomacy cools the scene. The peacemaker is Dave Boswell.

Hardly anyone believes the Athletics 6½ games back, can overtake the Twins with little more than three weeks remaining. But managers know history proves otherwise, and Billy wants Saturday afternoon's game, in the fifth, he goes nose-to-nose with Umpire Jerry Neudecker over a strike called on Rich Rees. The umpire, starting from his heels, throws the big heave-ho signal, whereupon Billy kicks red-clay dust all over the umpire's trousers. Billy then wheels and is gone, leaving Neudecker speechless, his jaw agape. Rees steps back into the batter's box and says to the umpire, "Now look, I'm hitting, not Martin. Don't take it out on me."

The game plows into extra innings, tied 5-5. From the ninth inning on, the Twins have Jim Kaat, a bowlegged left-hander, on the mound. Once a lustrous name, Kaat went sour this year and has worked little more than two innings in a month. (With time on his hands, he posted a sign on the clubhouse entrance following the Boswell-Allison-Martin fistfights. HOME OF THE TEMPESTUOUS TWINS. WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS BEHIND THIS DOOR!) Now, cheap hits are growing away at Kaat.

In the 13th, with the bases loaded and two out, he strikes out the batter. In the 14th, with the bases again loaded and two out, he strikes out the batter. In the 16th, Tony Oliva homers for the Twins, but the Athletics tie the score, 6-6, and again Kaat strikes out a batter with the bases loaded and two out. Finally, in the 18th, Cesar Tovar, the wellerweight, rids the ball over the left-center-field fence, and soon after, Jim Kaat is sitting in the clubhouse trying to believe that he has just pitched 9½ innings in short relief. "The game that won the pennant!" crows Dean Chance. "Those poor bastards won't be able to think about anything but all the guys they left on third."

Saturday night the motel bar is merry, although the Twins recognize, of course, that

the pennant must be won in the playoff between the winners of the Western and Eastern Divisions. The Baltimore Orioles are far ahead in the Eastern Division. Dave Boswell, whose parents came from the hills of West Virginia and Maryland and bequeathed him a courtly heritage, grew up in Baltimore. Now, in the bar, Boswell says, "I'd love to pitch in Baltimore. If I won I'd go down to Bud's Crab House, where I know all the boys, and celebrate by eating some crabs. I'm dull, ain't I?"

The very presence of the Minnesota players in the motel bar strikingly violates baseball tradition, for managers historically have reserved the closest bars for themselves—no players allowed. ("Oh, hell," Billy Martin had said, driving to his mother's Friday. "These ball players are stuck out at a motel near the airport. Why should they have to find cubes and run all over the city of Oakland 'cause they can't drink with the manager? Isn't that insane?") Now, at the far end of the bar, clad in slacks and a sweater, sits the manager.

A thought occurs to me. A great old Detroit pitcher named Virgil Trucks, who in his declining baseball years roomed with Billy Martin when they played for Kansas City, once told me that Billy was, in his blithing heyday with the New York Yankees, a five star patsy. "The big clique on that club was Mickey Mantle, Hank Bauer, Whitey Ford and Martin," said Trucks. "Whenever there was trouble, they'd just say Martin started it, and he'd let it go at that. Martin got all the blame for the fights and probably didn't start any of them."

Finally, the clique made one by battling customers in the Copacabana, whereupon the Yankees traded Martin, the 260th pick. For the next six years, he did not speak to Yankee manager Casey Stengel, until then a man he precociously worshipped.

All right, there sits Billy at the bar. Why not ask him if he's earned part of his comitative reputation being a patsy for his friends?

"Understand," he begins, "that there are friendships between men that are different from anything you'll ever find among women. Women will live for the man they love, but between women and women, you never have what you do between two men." Yes, but he's a patsy? "I go to church every Sunday. I're get nothing."

I drift away, and later, I glance over and find that Billy has company at the bar. Billy Martin and Dave Boswell are having a glass of beer together.

Sunday proves Dean Chance was right. The Twins pound Oakland, 16-4. Dave Boswell picks up his 7th victory, a tidy record in view of a layoff caused by that unforgettable evening following which he was seen to have a hitherto unnoticed semi-ache above his upper lip.

In his office after the game, Billy Martin refuses to tell the press that his Twins have wrapped up the divisional title. Presently a reporter asks him if he expects the league to fine him for having kicked dirt on the umpire the day before.

"I wouldn't know about that," Billy Martin says. "You'll have to ask some of those managers who keep getting into trouble."

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He Had a Dream—Part 2

# TRAGEDY IN MEMPHIS

## The Assassination of Martin Luther King Jr.

by Coretta Scott King

*"This is what is going to happen to me also," Martin Luther King Jr. told his wife when news of President Kennedy's murder reached them. In this article, the second of two excerpts from her book *My Life With Martin Luther King Jr.* (to be published Sept. 25 by Holt Rinehart and Winston), Mrs. King recounts the fulfillment of her husband's prophecy.*

Despite Martin's commitment to his work, there was never the less a sense of fate closing in on him. We did not let the feeling bow us down—we had lived with it much too long for that. Years before, Martin had said to me, "You know, I probably won't live a long life, but if I die I don't want you to grieve for me. You go on and live a normal life."

But death was not something he was morbid about; he just talked about it as he would of any other experience. As the civil rights struggle went on, he saw the danger clearly. His knowledge of history made him realize that most men who had taken a strong moral position had to pay the price for their convictions. He even used the word "crucified," metaphorically saying sometimes in his speeches, "I may be crucified for my beliefs and, if I am, you can say 'It died to make men free.'

When people urged him to be careful, he said, "You know... I can not worry about my safety, I cannot live in fear. I have to function. If there is any one fear I have conquered, it is the fear of death." He talked about it in his sermons, quoting the phrase, "If a man has not found something worth giving his life for, he is not fit to live."

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With Ralph Abernathy (right) and Dr. Ralph Jackson, King led a march in support of striking sanitation workers in Memphis a week before he was shot.

Yet he was not gloomy about his own fate. Martin accepted the danger as a matter of course and remained exuberant and full of spirit.

In Memphis, Tenn., the Sanitation Workers Union, most of whose members were black, had gone on strike in early 1968. A small and peaceful demonstration march by the union on Feb. 23 had been brutally broken up by police using clubs and Mace, with squad cars as a so-called cavalry. This action had outraged not only black people in Memphis but many whites as well.

What had been a small strike by an obscure local union became a city-wide protest movement in which SCLC's local affiliate took a leading part. Martin asked his people to agree to do so. Though he also felt that he should not dissipate his efforts at that moment, he could not turn down the Memphis request. He felt it was important to give public support to this righteous cause.

The strain of all his responsibilities was growing more intense. At the suggestion of his doctor, he decided to go away for a few days rest. On March 12, just before he was to leave, he called me on the telephone from his office and asked, "Did you get your flowers?"

I told him that none had come and Martin explained that when he was downtown shopping for some clothing or business, he had gone next door to a florist and purchased some flowers for me. The proprietor had promised to deliver them right away. I was touched by this gesture. By the time Martin came home to pick up his bag and leave for the airport, the flowers had arrived. They were beautiful red carnations, but when I touched them, I realized they were artificial. In all the years we had been together, Martin had never sent me a bunch of flowers. I kissed him and thanked him. I said,

"They're beautiful and they're artificial."

"Yes," Martin said, "I wanted to give you something that you could always keep."

They were the last flowers I ever got from Martin. Somehow, in some strange way, he

seemed to have known how long those flowers would have to last.

When Martin arrived in Memphis on March 28, a Thursday, he soon realized that the march was not well disciplined—there was never even a proper line formed. "Black Power" placards were being held by some marchers. Martin, though, felt he had no choice but to get in front of the line and start to march. He had gone no more than a few blocks when he heard the sound of crashing glass. Rocks and bottles were being thrown from the back of the line. It has been generally agreed that the trouble was not started by the marchers but by gangs of young men who, using the parade as a cover, hurled rocks through windows and dodged in and out of the ranks to keep their identity unknown.

It turned into a hour-long battle on. The police moved in on the marchers. Many people were beaten up and one young man was shot in the back and killed. Martin told me later that he felt that the police after the violence started, were completely unrestrained.

When the trouble broke out, Ralph Abernathy and some others begged Martin to go back to his motel. They were so afraid that he might become the target for violence that Martin finally consented. He was terribly distressed. This was the first time violence had ever occurred in a march he was personally leading. Although he knew he was not responsible, he felt he would be blamed.

Bernard Lee, a member of Martin's staff, and Ralph Abernathy told me after the Martin held a press conference that night and he was deeply disturbed that it did not go well. However, the next morning another press conference was called, in which Martin was to outline his future plans. At this meeting he was full of fire. He said to the reporters, "Gentlemen, this is going to be a regular press conference. I'm going to be a press briefing." And he started talking with complete assurance, the words just flowing out of him as they did when he was inspired. Bernard Lee told me that the statement was like a sermon, a message concerning Martin's principles of nonviolence. He was trying to



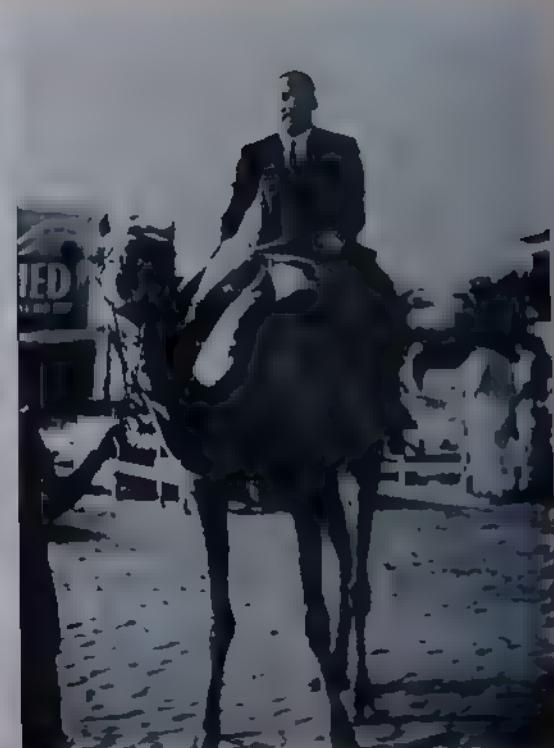
June 18, 1953. Wedding day at Coretta's home in Marion, Ala.



January 15, 1958. A surprise party for Martin's 39th birthday.



December 1964. Close harmony in Oslo, before Nobel award.



March, 1959. On a trip to India and Pakistan, Martin boards a camel in Jaisalmer.

## From Mrs. King's family album, snapshots of happier times

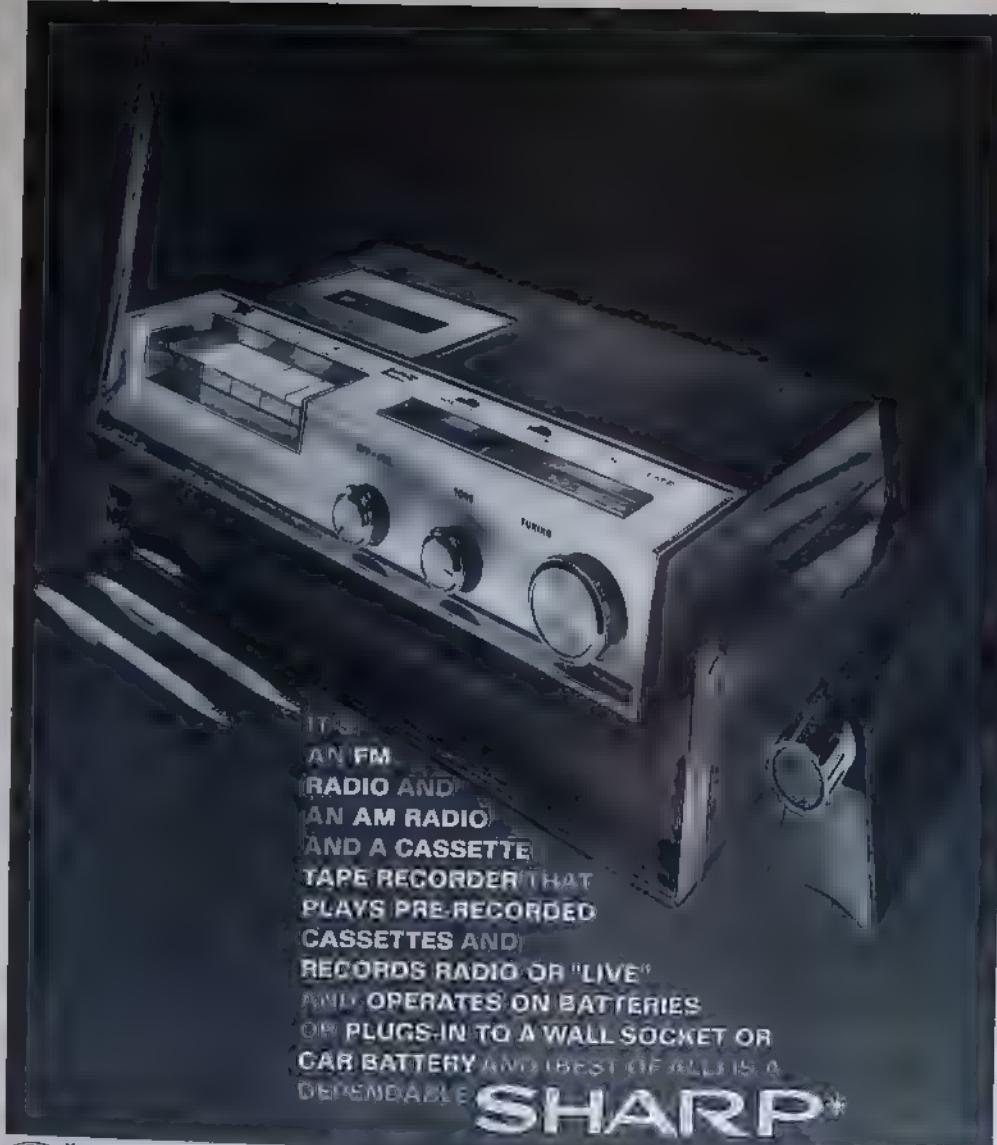
March, 1961. Martin, Coretta, their friend the Reverend



CONTINUED







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## King continued

rectly to the meeting. Ralph said later, "I knew this was not my crowd. They wanted to hear Martin."

As always, no matter how Martin had felt beforehand, the enthusiasm of the people inspired him. That night, completely spontaneously, he gave one of his greatest speeches. First, he told the people he was heart and soul with them, that their cause was just, and that he and his organization would fight for them. He said that even if the federal injunction was not lifted, he would lead the march on Monday. He had the audience roaring with excitement.

Then he turned his attention to the people the bus plane from Atlanta had been delayed that morning because "Dr. Martin Luther King is aboard," and there had been a search for a possible bomb. He told of how, when he got to Memphis, there were threats and rumors of an attack on him.

Then Martin added, "I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days

ahead. But it really doesn't matter to me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop. . . . And I've looked over, and I've seen the Promised Land. . . . More eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. . . ."

So intense was the audience's emotional response to Martin's words, so high was his own exaltation responding to their excitement, the action and reaction of one to the other that he was overcome, he broke off there. I believe that he intended to finish the quotation—"His truth is marching on." But he could not.

The next day, Thursday, April 4, Martin seemed a most happy, despite his worry about the march. His brother, A.D., told me that I was the same way it had been when they were young. That afternoon they kidnapped each other and wrestled together boisterously, like boys. At one point Martin decided they should telephone their mother. That was a little strange because he almost never called her when he was on a trip. They had a long, lively con-

versation with Mamma King, in which A.D. and Martin fooled her for a while, disguising their voices, each pretending to be the other. She was so happy because she seldom talked to both her sons at the same time.

Martin spent the afternoon at the Lorraine Motel, and soon it was time to get ready to go out to dinner. After Martin was dressed, he went out on the little balcony facing the street and a decaying rooming house 200 feet away. Ben Branch, who was to play at the meeting later that night, was standing below the balcony. Martin called down to him, "Be sure to sing 'Precious Lord, Take My Hand' for me tonight. Ben, sing it real pretty."

Branch said he would. Solomon Jones, who was to drive the car that evening, called out, "It's getting chilly, Dr. King. Better take an overcoat." Martin said, "O.K., will."

It was almost time to go. Ralph Abernathy rushed in from his room to put on some shaving lotion.

At that moment came the shot. They told me it sounded like a firecracker. . . .

It was Jesse Jackson who called me in Atlanta to say, "Coretta, Doc just got shot."

It hit me hard—not surprise but shock—that the call I seemed subconsciously to have been waiting for all my life had come. I asked for details and Jesse, trying to spare me, said, "He was shot in the shoulder."

I sensed that it was quite serious, and I wanted to ask how seriously hurt Martin was, but was afraid, I said, "I'll check the next flight."

I turned on the television. They were talking about Martin, reporting what I already knew. By that time the children had come into the room and, although I tried to turn the TV down, they had already heard enough to know that something had happened to their father.

They asked, "What is it?" Yoki, 12 years old, said, "Don't tell me!" and ran crying from the room.

But she soon came back. I said to her, "I'm getting ready to go to Memphis because your daddy has been shot." All the children were in the room and Yoki started to help me pack. It was the first time that she

CONFIDENTIAL



As King lies mortally wounded on a balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, friends with whom he had been chatting only a few seconds earlier show police where the assassin's bullet came from

Ancient Age.  
If you can find a  
better bourbon



After leading a civil rights march, a mourner, Mrs. King, accompanied

by Harry Belafonte, attends the ceremonies at Memphis city hall.

### King CONTINUED

had ever offered to do this.

At the Atlanta airport I heard my name echoing over the public address system. I had a strange, cold feeling, for I knew that was word from Memphis and that the word was bad. By this time, we had reached the gate to board the plane, I asked Mayor Ivan Allen, who with his wife had accompanied me to the airport, to have someone check the page for me.

A few minutes later I saw my husband's devoted secretary, Dora McDonald, walking toward me very fast, and I noticed the expression on her face. She said, "Come on, Mrs. King. We need a room where we can sit down."

I knew Martin was dead.

Mayor Allen went to try to get definite confirmation. Soon he came back, looking grave and white. Very formally he said, "Mrs. King, I have been asked to tell you that Dr. King is dead."

We all stood there stunned and weeping. Mayor Allen took my hand and said, "Mrs. King,

what do you want to do? Do you want to go on to Memphis, or do you want to go back home?"

I said, "I should go back home and see about the children. And then decide about going to Memphis."

I began to think of what I was going to tell my children. I was afraid that by this time they must have heard—without me beside them. But when I got home, Dexter, 8, and Bunny, 5, had been put to bed, and Bunny was asleep. Yoki was sitting calmly in the foyer talking on the telephone. Marty, 10, was still up, but Yoki followed me to my bedroom, and she said to me, "Mommy, I'm not going to cry! I'm just not going to cry, because my daddy's not really dead. He may be physically dead, but his spirit will never die, and I'm going to see him again in heaven."

All this time she was insisting that she was not going to cry; tears were running down her soft cheeks. Then she said, "Mommy, should I hate the man who killed my daddy?"

I said, "No, darling, your dad-

dy wouldn't want you to do that."

Yoki had stopped crying even before she finished talking. I put my arms around her and said, "But you have been so wonderful and so brave your self. I'm proud of you, and your daddy would have been so proud of you too."

Marty and Dexter were waiting for me in their room. Marty seemed a little confused—he wanted to talk, but he didn't know what to say. Dexter said, "Mommy, when is Daddy coming home?"

My heart was breaking but, keeping calm, I said, "Dexter, do you know your daddy was shot?"

He said, "Yes."

I went on, "He was hurt very badly. You go to sleep. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

He said, "All right," and he seemed to go calmly to sleep.

That was only the beginning of a nightmare night. Though people were wonderful to me, nothing could really help during those terrible hours. President

Johnson called and said, "Want you to know how deep y Mrs. Johnson and I feel for you and your family."

Senator Robert Kennedy also called to express his distress and sympathy. "If I help in any way I can," he said.

I told him, "I'm planning to go to Memphis in the morning to bring back Martin's body" and he said, "Let me fly you there. I'll get a plane down there. I'll be glad to do that."

Then, knowing the large number of telephone calls that would be coming into the house, Senator Kennedy had three more telephones installed in my house that same night.

Harry Belafonte called next, and said, "Coretta, I want to come down tomorrow to be with you and the children." Harry did come down on Friday and was there when I got back from Memphis. He was a tremendous help throughout this period.

During those days of sorrow many well-known people came to Atlanta to pay their respects and offer their sympathy or to attend the funeral. Among them

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At the King home in Atlanta, Jackie Kennedy expresses her sympathy.

## King CONTINUED

were Robert, Ethel and Jacqueline Kennedy and Richard Nixon. Mrs. Eugene McCarthy came and offered her services in the house. Others made the trip to Atlanta just to come to the house and say, "I don't want to disturb Mrs. King. I just came to let her know that I was thinking about her."

Perhaps the most touching incident of this sort was the arrival of Bill Cosby and Robert Culp, the television stars. They did not even ask to see me, but spent most of the afternoon at the house playing with my boys, because they felt this was the best contribution they could make.

In addition, thousands came whom I did not know and who had never met my husband. Their presence was deeply meaningful to me.

On Friday morning, I flew to Memphis in the plane Senator Kennedy had provided. I waited inside while Martin's body was brought onto the plane and then traveled home with him to Atlanta.

The march in Memphis was still scheduled to be held the following Monday, as Martin had planned it and as he would have

CONTINUED

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Patterns in model of Amiens Cathedral show effects of 60-mph wind. Lines are more frequent at greater stress points.

## Cathedral in Plastic Gothic

Engineers have always marveled at the beauty of Europe's Gothic cathedrals—but never agreed on whether those lofty spires and arches were structural necessities or just decorations. To find out, engineers at Princeton University built small plastic models of the Amiens Cathedral—in northern France and subjected them to stresses of weight and wind. When the plastic is viewed through special filters, the stress patterns show up as psychedelic swirls.

They indicate how much stress a particular arch or column was taking and whether it was compression, the squeezing force of weight, or tension, one part pulling away from another. The model tells why the Amiens Cathedral has stood since 1280: nearly all its major stresses are compression. Many other early Gothic structures, built with too much tension and too little compression, simply pulled themselves apart and fell down centuries ago.

## Ancient design in a man-made gale

The plastic model of Amiens represents a crosswise slice from the middle of the 150-foot wide cathedral. Working from precise measurements, engineers cut out the 5-inch-high replica and hung it with steel weights, duplicating structural stress as it occurs in the cathedral. Researchers also tested the cathedral's behavior in the wind, using much lighter weights and wings to simulate the wind's horizontal pressure.

The tests show that the lovely spires add necessary weight to the columns and piers and help stabilize the cathedral. They also confirm the ancient judgment of the Gothic builders, who believed that struts leading out and down from the cathedral's roof were not only pleasing to the eye but helped the lofty structure withstand windstorms.



As designers of the Amiens Cathedral correctly envisioned 700 years ago, flying buttresses help stabilize 140-foot high roof in wind. Below, model is rigged to simulate a 60-mph gale from right.

strusses, help stabilize 140-foot high roof in wind. Below, model is rigged to simulate a 60-mph gale from right.



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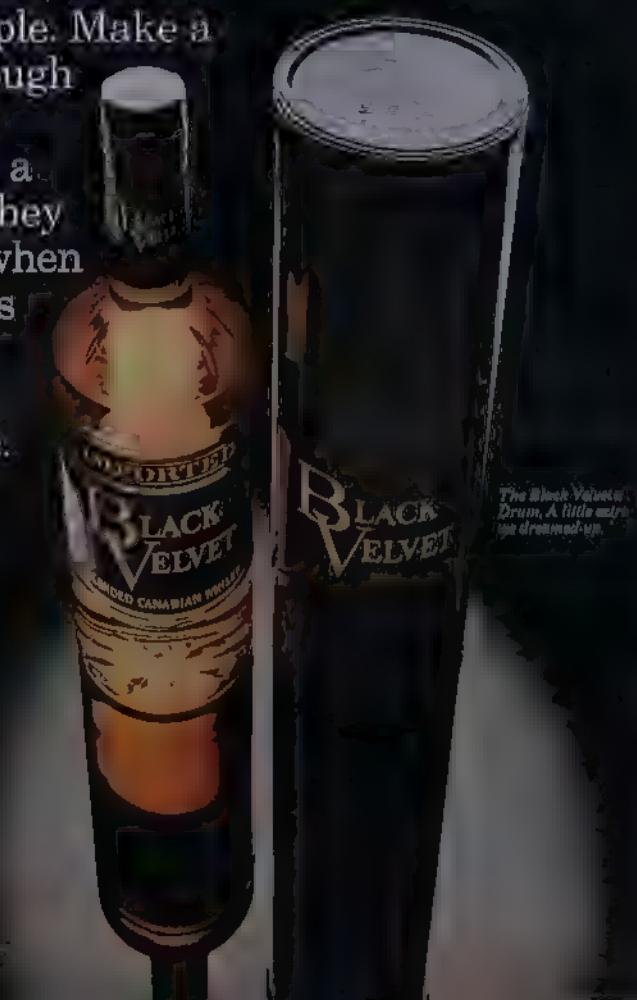
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America,  
lend us your nose.



*The Black Velvet  
Drum. A little more  
goes a long way.*



CATHEDRAL  
CONTINUED

After the plastic model has been baked and allowed to cool, Professor Robert Mark places it between two large polarizing filters, which make the stress pattern visible. Although industry has used plastic models to detect weaknesses in machinery for several years, Mark is one of the first researchers to apply the method to ancient architecture.

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## The Uniroyal Masters

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The lumpy faces shown here belong to the Red Colobus monkeys who live high in the forests of Zanzibar. Descended from the same ancestor as the more common mangabey varieties, these reddish-backed monkeys evolved for centuries on this small African island until today they are a distinct subspecies. Their long torsos and thin arms and legs make them adept at swooping through the trees in search of leaves and vines—the only things they will eat.

## The rare red monkey of Zanzibar

In captivity they almost always starve rather than eat strange food—and thus far have refused to breed there. Because of this, most U.S. zoos agreed in 1967 not to import the Zanzibar reds, which then numbered fewer than 700. Now there is a new threat. Their habitat is quickly being taken over by that notorious predatory breeder—man. His new homes and commerce may soon leave the island's wispy Colobus with no place to go but extinction.



The pair of males at right and below are doing what Red Colobus monkeys love best—eating. They have oversized digestive tracts which enable them to consume great quantities of vegetation. They travel in troops of 15 or so, often gently sharing meals with one another.





Slung nازily in a tree, a Red Colobus monkey rests between bites of leaves. Unlike most primates, the

Reds have no thumbs on their hands—only four fingers—but have a thumblike toe on each foot.

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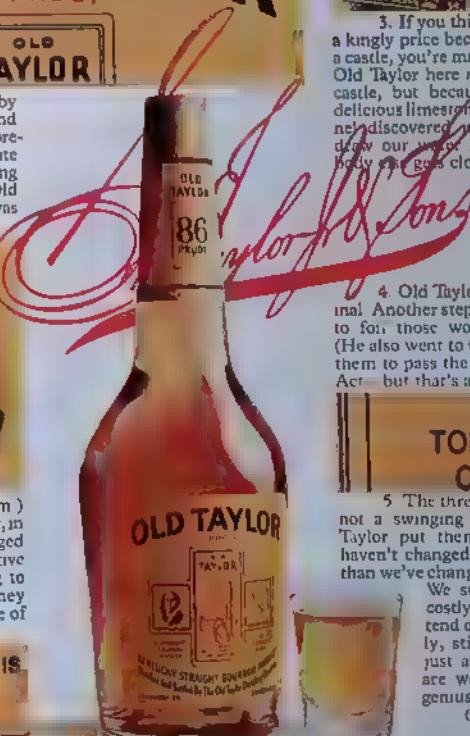


1. Old Taylor was created by an authentic genius. Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. was easily the foremost Bourbon distiller in the late 1800's. Old Taylor is his crowning achievement. There's only one Old Taylor, simply because there was only one Colonel.

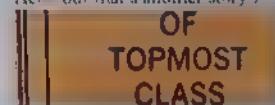


2. People (droves of them) tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, in 1909, an angry Col. Taylor changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow, and printed a warning to would-be imitators where they couldn't miss it. That took care of that!

THIS YELLOW LABEL IS  
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3. If you think you're paying a kingly price because we distill in a castle, you're mistaken. We make Old Taylor here not because it's a castle, but because it's near the delicious limestone spring the Colonels discovered in 1887. We still draw our water from it. And nobody else gets close to it!



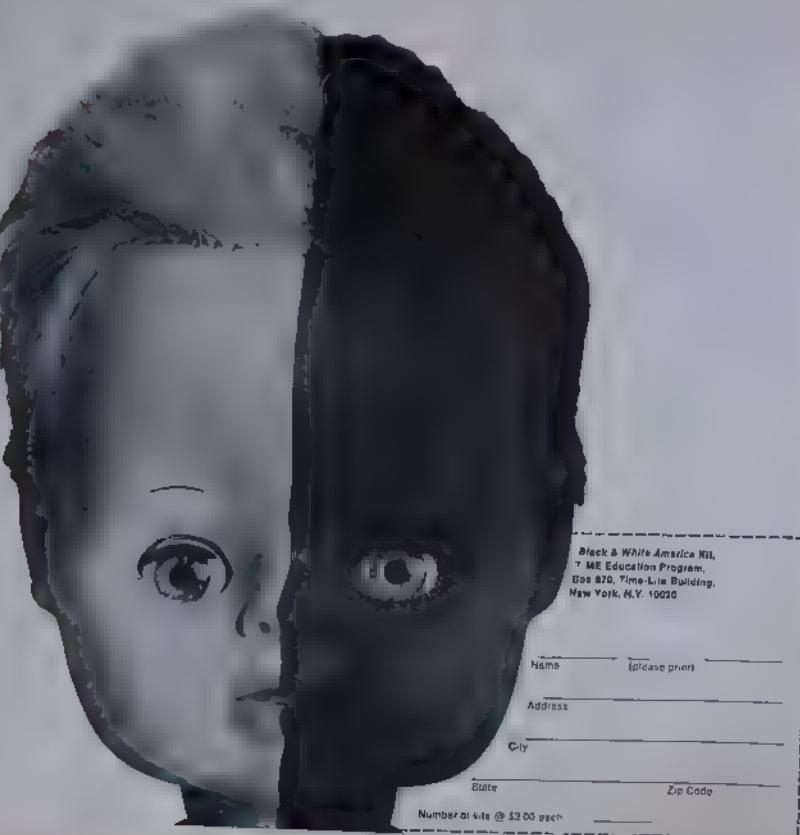
4. Old Taylor is a signed original. Another step the Colonel took to foil those would-be imitators (He also went to Congress and got them to pass the Bottled-in-Bond Act—but that's another story.)

5. The three words above are not a swinging slogan. But Col. Taylor put them there, and we haven't changed them any more than we've changed his Bourbon. We still use the same costly small grains, still tend our mash as lovingly, still do everything just as he did it. Who are we to contradict a genius?

6. Taste it.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

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Women's right wing, June Fletcher (above right)—18, from Elberon, N.J.—wears with ironic satisfaction a button distributed by unhappy alumni. With the male-female ratio 10:1, the girls make friends fast. Above, Beth Ram, 17, of Long Beach, N.Y., poses with an admirer



**T**hey were conspicuously not your usual bunch of freshmen, and for Old Princeton it's the joke was cruel: nothing was going to bring back Old Nassau now.

To establish a system which permits women to work and learn with men outside of the classroom as well as in it, Princeton flung open its doors to women last week, after 233 years of celibacy, and 101 female fresh arrived on the College Gothic campus. They found they liked it. "All this is really wild," said Elaine Chan of New York. "I mean, there are boys everywhere. We were sitting in our room and then a very male leg suddenly swung through the window." The one remaining question was what to do about the Anthem, which is sung at a snarl with heads bared and eyes moist. It goes, "In praise of Old Nassau, my boys . . ."



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## Lady into Tiger



Women's rights won. June Fletcher, above right—8, from Elberon, N.J.—wears with some satisfaction a button distributed by unhappy alumna. With the male-to-female ratio 20-1, the girls make friends fast. Above, Beth Rom, 17, of Long Beach, N.Y., raps with an admirer



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'Going back, going back'



Freshmen John Sease, 17, and Beverly Cayford, 16, who came all the way from Vancouver, make use of a sofa that is en route from one residence hall to another.

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All 101 of the female freshmen (and some 70 males besides) will live in Pyne Hall. Two newcomers, blond Marlene Borras, 17, and Elaine Chan, 16, dry their hair outside (left). Above, Sylvia Morris, 18, from Cleveland, emerges from Pyne Hall on foot, while Kathleen Molony, 20, who is from Highland Park, N.J., prepares to board the bike she brought from home (below).



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